

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1858.

PRICE 4d.  
STAMPED 5d.

**THE BROSUIL FAMILY**, being on a Professional Tour in the provinces, request that all letters and communications should be addressed to the care of Messrs. Schott and Co., Music-sellers, 159, Regent-street, W.

**WANTED**, as **CLERK** in a Music Warehouse, a young man who has a general knowledge of the business.—References required. Address—stating terms, &c., Messrs. Hall & Son, Music-sellers, Cheltenham.

**WANTED.**—A second-hand **CC** finger organ, suitable for a country church, accommodating 400 persons. The instrument must be in perfect condition, with a proper arrangement of stops, &c. Pedals will be required.—Address, stating lowest price and full particulars, to Mr. Thos. Drew, 2, Richmond-terrace, Belfast.

**CONCERT AGENCY, &c.—MR. VAN PRAAG** tenders his thanks to his patrons and friends for the liberal encouragement he has for so many years received, and begs to inform them he still continues the management of concerts, matinées, soirées, &c., &c.—All communications addressed to him, at Mr. Brettell's, 25, Rupert-street, Haymarket, will be duly attended to.

**CONCERT SEASON, 1858.—NOTICE.—C. M. SHEE** respectfully intimates to the Musical Profession that he has removed to 2, Beak-street, Regent-street, where he continues the arrangement of concerts (public or private) at his usual moderate charges.

**TO PROFESSORS OF SINGING.**—A young lady, with good soprano voice, who reads music at sight, and has had much practice, wishes instruction for the profession, upon the principle of payment by service. Address, C. C., Mr. Mattocks, Stationer, 43, Cannon-street, St. George's East.

**SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI,** and **MR. CHARLES BRAHAM** (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

**MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples,** Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4 without any extra charge.

**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S**  
SECOND SERIES OF PERFORMANCES OF  
**CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC**  
WILL TAKE PLACE AT  
**WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S,**  
ON THE EVENINGS OF

**WEDNESDAYS, APRIL 14, 28, AND MAY 12.**

In the course of the series, Miss Goddard will have the honour of playing, among other compositions of the most celebrated masters:—

The Sonata in A, Op. 101; and the Grand Sonata in B Flat, Op. 106 of **BEETHOVEN**.  
Weber's Sonata in E Minor.  
Mendelssohn's Sonata in E Major. Hummel's Sonata in D, Op. 106.  
Woelfl's Ne Plus Ultra, and  
J. S. Bach's FANTASIA CHROMATICA CON FUGA.

BY GENERAL DESIRE,  
**DUSSEK'S NE PLUS ULTRA,**  
AND

**THE FUGA SCHERZANDO, and FUGUE IN A MINOR OF J. S. BACH**  
Will be repeated.

Full particulars will be shortly announced.  
Subscription Tickets for the Series, One guinea; Reserved Seats for a single concert, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s.—to be had only of Miss Goddard, at her residence 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.

**MISS JULIA ST. GEORGES SONGS.**—Sung by her in "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The most attractive entertainment of the day—vide public press. The whole of the music by J. F. Duggan, Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., and all Music-sellers.

**MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED** (late Miss P. Horton) will repeat their Entertainment at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, every evening, except Saturday, at Eight. Saturday afternoon at Three. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 3s. Secured without extra charge at the Gallery, and at Cramer Beale and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

**MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS' SECOND CONCERT** OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, March 24, on which occasion **MISS ARABELLA GODDARD** will play a Prelude and Fugue by Bach, and, with Mr. Brinley Richards, Mendelssohn's Duet, Op. 92.—Particulars will be duly announced.

**BEETHOVEN AND HIS COMPOSITIONS.—MR. CHARLES SALAMAN** will deliver his new CONCERT-LECTURE at his own residence, 36, Baker-street, Portman-square, on Monday afternoon, March 22nd, at Three o'clock precisely. Pianoforte, Mr. Salaman; Violin, Herr Decimann; Violoncello, Herr Lidel; Vocalist, Miss Eliza Hughes. A limited number of admissions, at 6s. each, at 36, Baker-street, or at Messrs. Addison and Co., 210, Regent-street.

**MISS ARABELLA GODDARD**, the distinguished Pianist, has been recently playing with wonderful success Weber's Sonata in C, and Clementi's Sonata, Ditone Abbandonata, both selected from THE CLASSICAL PIANIST, edited by **BRINLEY RICHARDS**, and used at the Royal Academy of music, in 24 books, from 2s. 6d. to 7s. each; or in 2 vols., each bound, 24s. Also, edited by the same, and used by the Academy, THE STUDENT'S PRACTICE, 24 books, from 2s. to 4s. each; or in one vol., bound, 21s.—London: Published by **ROBERT COCKS** and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL INAUGURATION.**—The opening of the Hall will be celebrated by **TWO GRAND MUSICAL PERFORMANCES**, in aid of the Funds of the **MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL**, on Thursday evening, the 25th March, and on Saturday evening, the 27th March, 1858, under the Special Patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, K.G., H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, K.G., H.R.H. the Princess Mary of Cambridge, and also His Grace the Duke of Northumberland, K.G., the President of the Middlesex Hospital. The following distinguished artists have been engaged for the occasion:—Madame Rudersdorf, Madame Weiss, Miss Stabach, Madame Sherrington Lemmens, Madame Borchardt, Miss Dolby, and Miss Arabelle Goddard; Signor Luchesi, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Weiss, Mr. Santley, Mr. Thomas, Herr Deck, Signor Piatto, Herr Molique, Mr. Benedict, and the Vocal Association (consisting of 300 Voices). Programme for Thursday, March 25th. Part I.—"The National Anthem;" "Hymn of Praise," Mendelssohn. Part II.—Coronation Anthem, "The King shall rejoice," Handel; Cantata, "God, thou art great," Spohr; Trio, "Benedictus," Cherubini; Solo and Chorus, "Icili immensi narrano," Marcellio; Motett, "Ave Verum," Mozart; Final Chorus, "Hallelujah" (The Mount of Olives), Beethoven. Programme for Saturday, March 27th. Part I.—Overture (Leonora), Beethoven; Quartet, "Over the dark blue waters" (Oberon), C. M. von Weber; Aria, "In dieu heiligen Hallen (Zauberflöte), Mozart; Part-Song for Eight Voices, "This house to love is holy" (first time of performance), Meyerbeer; Duet, "Dans les défilés des montagnes" (Les Diamants de la Couronne), Auber; Concertstück, pianoforte, C. M. von Weber; Part-Song, "Sleep, gentle lady," Sir H. Bishop; the Music to Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream, Mendelssohn. Mr. Albert Smith has most kindly offered to introduce a song between the parts. Part II.—Festival Overture, Benedict; Quartet and Chorus, "Alziam gli evviva" (Euryanthe), C. M. von Weber; Concert, "The Spirit's Song," Haydn; Solo, violoncello, Piatto; Recitative, "The Queen's Greeting," Song, with Burden, "Beautiful May (May Day), G. A. Macfarren; Part-Song for Male Voices, "The Three Voices," Svanian National Air; Duet, "O la bella imminente" (Betty, Donizetti; Fan-fango, violin, with orchestral accompaniments (first time of performance), Molique; Duet, "Sull' aria" (Nozze di Figaro), Mozart; Song, "I am a roamer" (Son and Stranger), Mendelssohn; Coronation March (Le Prophète), Meyerbeer. Organist, Mr. Henry Smart. Conductor, Mr. Benedict.

Prices of Tickets for each Concert:—Area Stalls, One Guinea; Reserved Seats, Area and Balcony, Half-a-Guinea; Unreserved Seats in the Area and Balcony, Five Shillings; Upper Gallery, Half-a-Crown. Tickets may be obtained at Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Co., Regent-street; Messrs. Chappell's, New Bond-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; Messrs. Keith and Prowse, 48, Cheapside; from the Secretary at the Hospital; and at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Doors will be opened at Half-past Seven o'clock, and the performance commence at Eight o'clock.

**ROMSEY ABBEY CHURCH.—THE ORGAN COMMITTEE**  
 of Romsey Abbey Church are desirous to appoint an ORGANIST; and candidates for the office are requested to send applications, accompanied with testimonials, and stating the terms per annum at which the duties will be undertaken, to Robert G. Linzee, Esq., Jermyns, Romsey, on or before the 20th of March instant.

The duties of the organist will be to play at three services on Sundays, and to give the choir all necessary instruction for the efficient performance of the choral services.

The organ is now in process of erection, and will contain 27 sounding stops on two manuals and pedal. It will be completed and opened about Whitsuntide.

### SCARBOROUGH SPA SALOON PROMENADE—

The Cliff Bridge Company are prepared to receive tenders for the supply of an efficient Banquet for the Spa promenade, during the ensuing season.

The new Music Hall, from designs by Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., is estimated to contain about 2,000 people, and has orchestral accommodation for about 50 performers.

The Spa grounds and Music Hall command a handsome carriage approach, 30 feet wide, at all hours of the tide.

Terms on which the tenders will be accepted, may be had on application by letter to the Secretary, to whom sealed tenders must be sent on or before the 31st instant.

(By Order) R. WARD, Secretary.

Scarborough, March 8, 1858.

### THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Conductor, M. Benedict. The Vocal Association of 300 voices will give a Series of SIX GRAND SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS, Vocal and Instrumental, at the St. James's Hall. Subscription to the Series—Unreserved Seats, £1 1s.; Reserved Seats, £2 2s.; Sofa Stalls in Area, Single Tickets, £3 3s.; Double Tickets, £4 4s. Subscriptions received at Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Leader and Cook, 63, New Bond-street; Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; R. W. Olivier, 13, Old Bond-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 43, Cheapside; and Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street. The first performance will take place on Wednesday evening, April 7th, on which occasion the band and chorus united will number 400 performers.

### CHEAP MUSIC.—The Verdi Album (112 pages), 6s.

Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, edited by J. W. Davison (101 pages), 7s. 6d., cloth and gold. Laurent's Album of Dance Music (75 pages), 5s. 11. *Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, complete for the pianoforte, 5s. each, in cloth. 100 dances for the violin, 1s. Cassel's 100 melodies for concertina, 1s. Boosey's complete operas for violin, 1s. each. Balfe's new singing method (45 pages), 5s. Any one post free. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

### CONCERTINA CLASSES.—The increasing popularity

of the Concertina induces Mr. Case to project a series of CLASS MEETINGS, for the purpose of imparting instruction in this instrument to persons unacquainted with music, and also as a means of supplying agreeable participation to those already somewhat advanced. Mr. Case proposes to hold a class for ladies in the afternoon, and one for gentlemen in the evening, the terms to each to be fixed at such a rate as will admit of all persons joining them. Mr. Case trusts that a permanent course of instruction, at a moderate cost, will be the means of rendering the Concertina still more generally popular, feeling assured that its many peculiar advantages over other instruments will ultimately gain in the preference with all amateurs anxious to excel in music with as little trouble as possible. Persons desirous of joining these classes are requested to communicate with Mr. Case, to the care of Boosey and Sons, 23, Holles-street.

### PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING

PIANO may now be seen at the depot, 33, Soho-square. By the application of this principle a heavier string can be used, the result of which is, that the full power of a grand is obtained from a cottage instrument, at the same time the wires and the frame on which they are strung expand and contract with change of temperature equally and together, so that the necessity for frequent tuning, as in the ordinary instrument, is entirely obviated. For fullness and roundness of tone, with extraordinary powers of modulation, these instruments are quite unequalled, at the same time the price is no higher than that of an ordinary piano.

### SIGNOR FERRARI'S NEW WORK on the CUL-

TIVATION of the VOICE and SINGING is now published, price 8s., and may be had at his residence, Devon-hire Lodge, Portland-road, Portland-place, and at all the principal music sellers. "Of all the treatises on the cultivation of the voice that have appeared for many years, it is the most sensible, concise, and useful."—Daily News. "There is more sense in this work than we find in nine out of ten publications of a similar kind."—Athenaeum. "Forms a kind of grammar of the vocal art, and not a mere collection of exercises."—Critic. "Here is a really sensible work."—Musical World.

### NEW WORK FOR FLUTE AND PIANO BY

R. S. PRATTEN.—In 24 numbers, price One Shilling each, R. S. Pratten's Recreations for Flute and Piano. Contents: 1, Robert t'd que j'aime, Robert le Diable. 2, Quand je quitte, ditto. 3, Nobil signor, Huguenots. 4, No caso equal, ditto. 5, Va pensiero, Nabucco. 6, Ernani involami, Ernani. 7, Tutto e sprezzo, ditto. 8, La mia letizia, Lombardi. 9, La donna e mobile, Rigoletto. 10, E il sù dell'anima, ditto. 11, Questa o quella, ditto. 12, Bella figlia, ditto. 13, Introduction and Galop Rigoletto, ditto. 14, Miserere—Ahi che la morte, Trovatore. 15, Il balen del tuo, ditto. 16, Si la stanchezza, ditto. 17, Mercé, j'oupe amais, Les Vêpres Siciliennes. 18, Ami, le cœur d'Hélène, ditto. 19, Jours d'ivresse, ditto. 20, Libiamo, Brindisi, Traviata. 21, Parigi, o cara, ditto. 22, Di provenza, ditto. 23, Ah, fors'è lui, ditto. 24, Sempre libera, ditto. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

**LOWE'S NEW LANCER QUADRILLES** upon popular English airs. Price 8s. Paterson and Sons, Edinburgh and Glasgow; London, all music-sellers.

### EASY MUSIC FOR CONCERTINA AND PIANO.—

12 numbers, price 1s. each, Popular Recreations, arranged by George Case. (Each contains 5 or 6 pages.) 1, Rigoletto: "La donna e mobile," and "Questa o quella." 2, Il Trovatore: "Il balen," and "Ahi che la morte" (Trovatore's Song). 3, Lucia di Lammermoor: "Fra poco me" and "Tu che Dio a spiegiasti." 4, Scenambula: "All is lost now," and "Still so gently." 5, Norma: "Deh! non te." 6, Selection of the most popular Valses, by D'Albert. 7, Polka: "L'Enfant," by D'Albert. 8, Valse (sung by Madame Gassier), Venzano. 9, French Airs: "Partant pour la Syrie," "La Marsillaise," and "Mourir pour la patrie." 10, Irish Airs: "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "St. Patrick's Day," and "The Last Rose of Summer." 11, Scotch Airs: "Bonnie Dundee," "Blue Bells of Scotland," "Annie Laurie," and "Comin' thro' the rye." 12, American Airs: "Minnie," "Old Folks at Home," and "Nelly Bly." Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

### MR. HOWARD, Surgeon-Dentist, 52, Fleet-street, has

introduced an entirely new description of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, fixed without springs, wires, or ligatures. They so perfectly resemble the natural teeth as not to be distinguished from the originals by the closest observer. They will never change colour or decay, and will be found superior to any teeth ever before used. This method does not require the extraction of roots, or any painful operation, will support and preserve teeth that are loose, and is guaranteed to restore articulation and mastication. Decayed teeth stopped and rendered sound and useful in mastication. 52, Fleet-street. At home from 10 till 5.

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### DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.

From the Rev. G. Dawson, Primitive Methodist Minister, Bridge-street, Peel, Isle of Man. "Gentlemen,—My wife having been afflicted with a severe cough for seven years last past, during the last spring was brought so low that her life was despaired of, when a friend recommended her to try Dr. Locock's Pulmonic Wafers. She did so, and the benefit she derived from them was truly amazing. She was, after taking a few boxes, again able to return to her domestic duties. I think it would be a great blessing to the afflicted in our island were they advertised here, as they appear not to be known. You are at liberty to make what use you may think proper of my testimony. I am, yours, &c., Geo. Dawson, Primitive Methodist Minister."

DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS give instant relief and a rapid cure of asthma, consumption, coughs, and all disorders of the breath and lungs.

TO SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS they are invaluable for clearing and strengthening the voice. They have a most pleasant taste. Price 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. per box. Sold by all chemists.

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The Countenance is rendered additionally pleasing by the well-arranged curl, the braided plait, or the flowing tress. In dressing the hair, nothing can equal the effect of

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Rendering it so admirably soft that it will lie in any direction, producing beautifully flowing curls, and by the transcendent lustre it imparts, rendering the head-dress truly enchanting.

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Is a preparation of unparalleled efficiency in improving and beautifying the skin and complexion, preserving them from every vicissitude of the weather, and completely eradicating all Cutaneous Eruptions, Freckles, and Discolorations, and

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Is alike invaluable for its beautifying and preservative effects on the teeth and gums.

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Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton-garden, London; and by Chemists and Perfumers.

\*.\* Beware of spurious imitations.

## REVIEWS.

"THE SKYLARK" (words by the Ettrick Shepherd); "THE PASSING CLOUD;" Songs. Composed by Henry Baumer.

THERE is no great amount of absolute originality in either of these songs (the second being a manifest imitation of the well-known *bolero* in Spohr's *Jessonda*); but they are both so admirably—we may almost say faultlessly—written, that they cannot fail to please musicians and cultivated amateurs. "The Skylark" is a most charming composition, with which any competent singer would be certain to create effect.

"THE MAIDEN'S REPLY." Ballad. Written by John Ellison, Esq. Composed by M. Enderssohn.

A lively, agreeable ballad, just such as ballad singers love to sing, and the admirers of ballad singing love to hear. It aims at nothing more, but attains its end completely, which cannot always be said of compositions of much greater pretensions.

"BELLA FIGLIA"—Quatuor de L'Opera de Verdi, *Rigoletto*. Transcrit pour Piano. Par Jules Brissac.

Among the many pianoforte arrangements of Signor Verdi's very popular quartet, we have not seen one more unpretending, and at the same time more complete than this. The composer's ideas are respected, while the display and the convenience of the pianist are consulted; and the result is a piece of moderate difficulty, attractive in more senses than one.

HAND-BOOK FOR THE ORATORIOS.—No. 18, Haydn's Third Service, arranged by John Bishop.

Haydn's Mass in D minor, one of his finest, is a welcome addition to the remarkable cheap series which Mr. John Bishop edits with such care and ability. It is unnecessary for us to enter into criticism upon so well-known a composition, but we may add that the No. 18 of the Hand-Book presents all the good qualities for which its predecessors have been favorably noticed.

"LA TRAVIATA"—Grand Fantaisie Brillante sur l'Opera de Verdi, pour Piano. Par Wilhelm Ganz.

Although somewhat long and discursive, there are good points in this fantasia, which incorporates most of the favorite airs in the *Traviata*. We may particularly mention a variation à la Thalberg (page 10), on the air of the elder Germont, or heavy father, "Di Provenza." The fantasia is difficult, and requires executive powers considerably developed.

"THE VERDI ALBUMS"—Twenty-five Favorite Songs, from Verdi's Operas, in Italian and English.

The admirers of Signor Verdi are presented in this book with several of the most popular and melodious airs from his operas. Besides selections from such well-known works as *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, and *Ernani*, there are songs from *Giovanna d'Arco*, *Oberto*, *Simon Boccanegra*, and *Macbeth*, names less familiar to the lovers of operatic music. The English version is supplied by Mr. Desmond Ryan. The Album is a handsome book, got up with much care and completeness, and cannot fail to please the Verdiite public, whose name is "Legion."

CAMBRIDGE.—CYNICISM.—On Thursday evening, at Swan's Rooms, Mr. Charles A. Cole delivered the first of the illustrated examinations of Cynicism, as exemplified by Shakspeare in the characters of Iago, and Falstaff in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which he proposed addressing to the undergraduates of our University. The lecture was peculiar, the audience peculiar, and the lecturer himself peculiar. In an earnest philippic against the tendencies of a "coarse taste, an early initiation into a vice, and no morals but those of a confirmed materialist," the character of Iago was held up to general contempt and hatred. Among those who listened were some of the foremost men of the University; whilst the lecturer himself, "setting aside all his other good parts," as Falstaff says, bore the most striking conceivable facial resemblance to the poet of whose creations he treated, and whose drama he dissected into a reverent yet inquiring criticism.—*Correspondent*.

## THE VILLAGE QUEEN.

(For Music.)

BY JAMES HIPKINS.

'Twas in the lovely month of May  
When song-birds sung on every spray,  
Through Eden Vale I chanced to stray—  
Where nature smiles so cheery;  
The fields were green, blue was the sky,  
My heart was light, my hopes were high,  
When in my walk I chanced to spy  
My bonnie black-eyed Mary.

The morning sun sent forth its rays,  
The speckled thrush sang songs of praise,  
And echo answered to its lays,  
Like voice of distant fairy;

The pretty flowers that deck'd the ground,  
And shed their fragrant sweets around,  
No rival had until I found  
My bonnie black-eyed Mary.

I said, "Fair maid, I'm hither led,  
Where nature's charms are gaily spread,  
And village beauties love to tread,  
Like wood-nymphs, light and airy;

And you their QUEEN I will proclaim,  
First of them all I'll place thy name,  
While lads and lasses sing thy fame,  
My bonnie black-eyed Mary."

Now many a spring has passed away,  
And hearts are still which *then* were gay,  
And beauteous forms gone to decay,  
Where death lies dark and dreary;

Though eyes are dim, and looks are gray,  
Still through the vale I love to stray,  
To welcome all the pride of May,  
With bonnie black-eyed Mary.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD AT MYDDELTON HALL.—Mr. Force gave his second concert with his usual success. We regretted on public grounds that he did not avail himself of Miss Goddard's presence to worthier purpose than even her exquisite performance of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," and Thalberg's setting of "Home, sweet Home." Her wonderful talents are as popular as they are classical, and Mr. Force might have done good service to musical taste amongst us if he had induced her to play at least one of those more choice and severe compositions which she has done so much to popularise.—*Islington Times*.

NEW MUSIC.—A new march, entitled "Prince Frederick William's March," dedicated by permission to the husband of the Princess Royal, has just been produced by Miss Ellen Glascock, a young composer of no ordinary musical talent. It is a composition of a high order of merit, and will suit perfectly the regimental bands of the British army, by whom it should without delay be adopted; and it is understood to be now in rehearsal as a portion of the military music of the Prussian soldiery.—*Observer*.

OVID TRANSLATED BY MARLOWE.—Every haunter of bookstalls—and what true lover of books is not fond of that sport which the French describe in a single word, *bouquiner*?—has experienced the pleasure of suddenly discovering some choice rarity in an unexpected manner. Something of this was felt by ourselves upon finding a *rarissimus*, nay, we believe unique copy of a little volume of epigrams, and a translation of Ovid's *Elegies*, by Christopher Marlowe. It was in a catalogue of old books issued by Mr. F. G. Tomlins that this treasure lay hid, and, among other curious features, the book comes especially recommended from containing a sonnet by Ben Jonson, hitherto unknown. Mr. Tomlins, who has lately joined the honourable craft of bibliopoli, is a gentleman who has long been known in the literary world and upon the press, both as the author of an excellent history of England and as a journalist. He has even had his triumphs in the higher walks of the drama. Our French intelligence communicates the interesting fact that Alphonse Karr has lately taken to selling fruits and flowers; Mr. Tomlins does better, for he vends the fruits and flowers of those fields in which he has long and honourably laboured. In his catalogue, which contains the result of many years' private collection, will be found much of the greatest interest to collectors.—*The Critic*.



## DR. ZOPFF AND HIS CRITICS.

(From *Dwight's Journal of Music*.)

OUR readers probably have not forgotten a couple of original and quite peculiar articles upon the characteristics of Weber and of Mendelssohn, contributed some months since to our columns by Dr. Hermann Zopff, of Berlin. Thinking it profitable sometimes to present what may be said on both sides of a mooted question, we gladly give place to some strictures on the former written by an ardent admirer of Weber's genius in this city; and we copied from the *London Musical World*, which swears by Mendelssohn, another article, conceived in a far other and more truculent spirit, on the Dr.'s well-meant attempt to give a discriminating estimate of the merits and the limitations of that great composer. Because our Berlin friend, like most of the thinking portion of the musical world in Germany, while admiring Mendelssohn, cannot place him in so high a category as Beethoven and Mozart in respect to true creative genius, the Englishman denounces him as one of the veriest "Sepoys" of the "Music of the Future." Dr. Zopff claims a few words in reply, which we here cheerfully insert, premising, however, that he has strangely confounded our own Boston writer about Weber with the London writer about Mendelssohn.

## A WORD IN CONCLUSION TO THE CHARACTERISTICS OF WEBER AND MENDELSSOHN.

BY DR. HERMANN ZOPFF.

My characterization of these two genial men has been twice, of late, the subject of animadversion in this *Journal* (see Nos. 285 and 289); the second time in an article taken from the *London Musical World*.

The anonymous author of the two essays has led me to read them in the hope that I should find a thorough refutation of my judgments therein; and such an one I would have received with sincere thanks in the interests of Art and of our readers. But how sadly did I find myself deceived, when I sought in vain in his essays for such a refutation; instead of this, in his words about Mendelssohn, I found the most violent, and what is much worse, in parts most superficial attacks, which one might pardon to a dilettante, but which surely cannot be worthy of the true artist!

The singular malignity with which the writer, especially in his defence of Mendelssohn, tries to ascribe to me base, petty, narrow-minded motives, is in striking contrast to the high respect and veneration with which I in my articles have signalled the noble traits of both composers. This my opponent seems in his excitement to have quite overlooked; and while on the one hand I must gratefully acknowledge that he completes my elucidation of Weber's immortal merits in a very fitting manner, I must the more decidedly protest upon the other hand against the superficiality with which he dismisses with the utmost contempt opinions which are in fact the collective verdict of our greatest critics, of a Marx, a Schumann, a Rellstab, &c. In short, not only my agreement with the utterances of men so highly respected (at least with us), but also the fact that those bitter attacks attempt no refutation of my criticism, must decide me all the more to re-assert and most unalterably stand by all my judgments (saving perhaps a few unimportant incompletenesses), and above all just that part which my opponent pleases to call "nonsense." I have been most pained to observe, however, that in his article of Mendelssohn he does not hesitate to twist round and pervert my statements, or at least to push them to unnatural extremes.

Reserving for another time a fuller defence of the views attacked, I confine myself at present to a distinct denial of one assertion of my unknown opponent, namely, that "such investigations are of no use." The critic's highest duty to the public is, by impartial elucidation to form the taste, to guide and educate the artistic consciousness, so that we may once more approximate nearer and nearer to the much praised epoch of the ancient Greeks, where this artistic sense and culture were so thoroughly alive in the whole people, that all exercised an independent judgment. Woe to the actor or the orator, with them, who was guilty of any faults! Hence the ancient artists did not seek the approbation of princes, nor of reviewers; for them, the only judgment that had value was that of the people, the most cultivated that has ever yet existed.

Our present public, on the contrary, has so little self-reliance, is so sadly wanting in artistic judgment and perception, that it is easily frightened, and believes most in the man whose judgment is the harshest. Such want of feeling and perception has in all times had for a sad consequence, that the aberrations of our most genial artists have been the most blindly worshipped by their hosts of followers, and

often carried to a pitch of absurdity, which has operated most injuriously to taste and to the interests of Art.

In short, the critic must not let his judgments be controlled solely by his own subjective feeling—above all, not by onesidedness or side interests. That may be pardoned only in the dilettante. No, let him test and try all with the freshest consciousness—let him in a right honest, candid spirit, according to his best knowledge and conscience, without envy or concealment, strengthen the discriminating faculty alike with artists and with public—let him praise what is strong, and warn against what is weak. In this way will he instruct, and promote true culture in the whole people, and thus effectually resist every step in a retrograde direction.

## HISTORICAL NOTICE OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRES IN VIENNA.\*

THE love of music was transmitted by the Emperor Maximilian I. to his successors; a whole line of emperors were celebrated for this sentiment, and made Vienna the centre of the most magnificent operatic performances.

The Emperor Leopold was not only a lover and patron of music, but himself an excellent musician. He wrote with his own hand to Father Kirchner in Rome to come and teach him thorough-bass. The Emperor composed oratorios, operas, comedies, and a great many detailed pieces. In the Court Library there are the manuscripts of eight oratorios, hymns, motets, operas, comedies, and numerous pieces inserted in the operas of others. The Emperor maintained a considerable chapel, containing 1 capellmeister, 1 vice-capellmeister, 3 composers, 5 organists, 34 singers, and 41 instrumentalists.

When any person was proposed as a member of the chapel, the Emperor himself examined him, and likewise the operas intended for representation. During the performance he always had the score before him. Only Italian operas were given, and it is to this that we must attribute the fact that, even at all other German courts as well, German opera was not introduced till a century later, while through the instrumentality of its founder, Reinhard Keyser, it began to flourish as early as towards the end of the seventeenth century in Hamburg, *Basilius* being produced in 1694, and *Ismene* in 1698. This partiality is easily comprehensible when we take into account the Emperor's knowledge and fine taste, for the German singers were very inferior to the Italian ones.

The Empress Margarita Teresa was not fond of music; she often had her "Neh-Rehm" brought into her box, and never even glanced at the stage. The Empress Claudia Felicitas, on the contrary, was fond of having allusions to the weak points of the Court introduced into the operas; she did not spare the Emperor himself, especially in the opera given in the private theatre, at Court, during the Carnival of 1674, and entitled *La Lanterna de Diogene*, Dr. p. mus., in three acts, words by Minato, music by Draghi, ballet by Ventura, and scenery from the designs of Burnacini. In the third act an aria by the Emperor Leopold is introduced.

We must here mention the capellmeister Antonio Draghi, on account of his almost unparalleled fertility. In the repertoire collected by ourselves of the Imperial Opera, embracing a period of two centuries, he appears as the author of 156 dramatic works written for Vienna and produced there. They commence, in 1663, with *L'Oronisba*, for which Draghi wrote the words as well, and on the 8th November, 1699, with *L'Alceste*, words of Cupeda, ballet-music by Hoffer. This opera was played, by command of the Emperor, on the birthday of the Arch-Duchess Maria, daughter of the king, afterwards the Emperor Joseph I.

This composer found in Nicolo Menato, Imperial Court Poet, a librettist as inexhaustible as himself. From the *Atalanta* to *Muzio Servola*, Nicolo Minato wrote 110 libretti for Vienna.

The Emperor Joseph I. succeeded the Emperor Leopold, and, like the latter, possessed a thorough knowledge of all branches of the art. He played the piano and flute; he increased and

\* From a larger work with this title, the *Wiener Monatschrift für Theater und Musik* extracts a section on "the first theatre at the Karthnerthor," from which we, in our turn, take the above. Ed. *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*, whence this article is translated.

improved his chapel. He attained, also, great proficiency in the art of dancing. His dancing-master was Brunian, a Swede. A great deal was spent on the ballet, and the Emperor, even while Regent, figured in the ballets produced at Court.

In the year 1706, the Emperor had two theatres erected, by the Brothers Bibiena, on the other side of the present Joseppplatz, on the spot where the Redoutensäle now stand; a small one intended for the Court festivities, Italian comedies during the Carnival, and the comedies of the Pages of Honour; and a large Imperial theatre for the performance of more serious Italian operas. This theatre was the largest and most beautiful of its time, and in the splendour of its decoration, its scenery, its dresses, and its machinery, eclipsed all others. It cost about 100,000 florins to paint the amphitheatre alone. The Marchese Santa Croce, a great judge of music, was appointed principal director.

The theatre at the Kärnthnerthor was began in 1708, by the Town Council, and completed the year following. It was originally intended by the town for Italian *burlesca*. Conte Pecori was the first lessee, while Calderoni, Sebastian, Scio, and (1712) Ristori followed with their companies.

In February, 1713, however, Stranitzky, having joined the German company of the Teinfaltstrasse, migrated from his booth on the Neumarkt, to the Kärnthnerthor-Theater. During the first three years, he paid a monthly rent of fifty florins for the seven summer months, and sixty for the five winter months. He was bound, moreover, to give a fifth of his receipts to the House of Correction, in the Leopoldstadt, in conformity with the decree of the 14th July, 1671, by which theatres, lotteries, &c., were required to contribute to the support of that establishment. The Kärnthnerthor-Theater has, therefore, always assisted in the amelioration of public morality.

The Court took no notice of this theatre. Prehauser was the first to attract its attention. In the year 1737, the same year that the Hanswurst of Gottsched and the Neuberin in Leipsic was burnt down, the German actors first had the honour of playing before the Court in Mannersdorf. They played at Schönbrunn for the first time, on the 17th September, 1767, Heufeld's *Geburtstag* and *Die Wirthschafterin*; and in Laxenburg, in 1771, *Der Postzug* and *Der dankbare Sohn*, by Engel.

But the opera was patronised all the more. After the Emperor Joseph I., who died at so early an age, on the 17th April, 1711, the Emperor Charles VI. ascended the throne. This prince, too, was a great lover and judge of music. Fuchs, the author of the *Gradus ad Parnassum*, was his master of thorough-bass, and Caldara—who, from 1716 to 1736, produced fifty-two operas at the Imperial Opera-house—of modern composition.

The Emperor's ear for music was celebrated. Not a fault in the performance escaped him. At the third representation of *Elisa*, words by Pariati, music by Fuchs, which was first produced, at the Favorita, on the 28th August, 1719, in honour of the birthday of the Empress Elizabeth, the Emperor was so charmed with the music, that he seated himself at the piano and accompanied the whole opera. Fuchs, who stood behind the Emperor, and turned over the leaves for him, was so carried away by the Emperor's skill, that he cried out, in a loud voice, "Bravissimo! Your Majesty could very well take my place!" "I thank you, my dear capellmeister, for your good opinion," replied the Emperor, "but I am quite contented with my own!"

It is well known what a good effect the Emperor's advice had upon Farinelli. That celebrated singer visited Vienna three times: in 1724, with Porpora, in 1728, and in 1731. On one occasion, when he accompanied him, the Emperor remarked how much his singing would gain, if he would not overload it with his long-winded ornaments. Farinelli paid attention to this advice, and it is from this period that we must date the moving effects produced by him in his *sostenuto* mode.

This taste for the cultivation of music extended to the other members of the Imperial family. The Archduchesses received instruction on the piano and in singing from Wagenseil and Nancini.

Every year on the 4th November, the Emperor's saint's day, in the great theatre, and on the 28th August, the Empress's birthday, in the theatre of the Favorita, a new opera, expressly

composed for the occasion, and got up in the most splendid manner, used to be given. These operas were only played two or three times; the Court was always present at the last rehearsals.

The *mise-en-scène* of such an opera cost from 50,000 to 60,000 florins. The costumes were made of velvet and silk, richly embroidered with gold and silver. Even the members of the orchestra appeared in splendid dresses, and neither the operatic performances in Paris, nor those in London, could then be compared to those in the Imperial theatre, for vocal and instrumental music, costumes and scenery.

The yearly expense of the opera amounted on an average to 200,000 florins, of which 43,000 florins were for the instrumental and vocal performers. These comprised 1 Court Capellmeister, Fuchs; 1 Vere-Capellmeister, Caldara; 3 composers, Badian, Francesco Conti, and Porsile; and for ballet-music, Mathels and Halzbauer; 3 Italian Court poets, Stampiglia, Zeno, and Pariati, and afterwards Pasquini and Metastasio, and one German, Prokoff; 34 male and 8 female singers; 1 leader with an assistant; 32 players on stringed instruments with 2 theorists, 1 gambist, 1 lute-player, 5 hautbois players, 5 bassoonists, 4 trombonists, 1 horn player, 13 musical trumpeters, and 1 kettle-drum player. The ballet-masters were Levasori della Motta and Philibois, and the director of the opera Prince Pio. The whole was subject to the grand chamberlain's office. A separate table-decker, with two assistants, was allowed for the musicians' table in the department of the Imperial kitchen. We must mention with gratitude a touching custom, indicative of, and proceeding from a true respect for art. Of all the officials attached to the Court, the musicians were the only ones who, even when they had retired from active service, were continued on the lists of the Court to their dying day.

(To be continued.)

#### DR. FOWLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—When a correspondent has the meanness to attack another person *anonymously*, and is still further guilty of most mean and ungentlemanly conduct by *anonymously* accusing that person of *wilfully lying*, you must pardon me for saying that, I really think that it is high time that you should have too much regard for the respectability of your journal, to allow such a production as the last letter of your correspondent "Oboe" to appear therein.

I am sure that your readers do not care whether I am Dr. Fowle, or Mr. Fowle; and I am fully convinced that henceforth, they would far rather that your space was filled with more valuable matter than in discussing in a most ungentlemanly manner the merits or de-merits of Sir, your most obedient servant,  
Exeter, March 8, 1858. THOMAS LLOYD FOWLE, Mus. Doc.

[We quite agree with Dr. Fowle, and beg to close the controversy.—Ed.]

#### ACROSTIC.

(Attempted after the style of Haydn Wilson.)

C heeks bright as opening rose in May;  
L ooks, shining like the sunny ray  
A ngelic grace from blissful spheres;  
V enus-like the Zingara\* appears.  
E yes beaming like the orient star;  
L imbs, models for a sculptor are:  
L inked with these charms, a potent spell  
E nchantment lends to all thy steps, CLAVELLE.

H. J. ST. LEGER.

To Mademoiselle Clavelle, première danseuse au Théâtre de Sa Majesté, à Londres.

HERR KLETZER, the violoncellist, has just returned from America, where he has passed several months in a professional tour with MM. Thalberg and Vieuxtemps, and Mad. Frezzolini.

\* In Balfe's *Zingara* (The Bohemian Girl).

## PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PIANOFORTE concerts are now the vogue in the French metropolis. At a concert recently given by the violinist Sighicelli—who, well-known in London as a performer of moderate ability, seems to have astonished the capital of the polite world, and “the centre of the arts and civilisation”—a new pianist appeared, about whom M. Stephen de la Madelaine and other critics are half frantic. Madlle. Octavie Caussemille, if we may believe these gentlemen, is destined to eclipse all the female pianists who make Paris their home. “At the concert of M. Sighicelli,” says M. de la Madelaine, “a young pianist made her *début* who was previously unknown to the public, and whom the musical world now (after this one appearance) recognises, as it recognises Madame Clauss and Mdle. Martin.” But let this flowery critic speak for himself in his own language, which, to reduce into plain English exceeds my capacity:—

“Madlle. Octavie Caussemille, que j’ai entendue cent fois (jamais assez), depuis deux ans dans ces fêtes de l’oreille, que les princes des deux aristocraties savent donner aux artistes, qui les leur rendent si bien en ce moment, Madlle. Caussemille est tout bonnement une des merveilles de l’époque. L’éloge paraîtra peut-être exorbitant, mais je n’en puis rien rabattre. C’est Chopin ressuscité, Chopin, plus la couleur peut-être, avec toutes ses adorable délicatesses de style, avec sa fougue si correcte, avec son mécanisme si brillant, avec ses langueurs si passionnées. Il y a dans ces difficultés vaincues (Madlle. Caussemille n’en connaît plus) quelque chose de mieux que le talent; il y a le génie, il y a la poésie de l’art dans sa plus haute acception. J’ai fait, si je m’en souviens bien, en Novembre, 1831, c’est-à-dire il y a quelque chose comme vingt-sept ans, l’article des débuts de Chopin, dont l’audition avait été organisée, par mes soins, en forme d’intermède, à l’Opéra-Comique, dans *Le Concert à la Cour*. J’acclamai alors, le premier, à mes risques et périls, comme je l’ai fait pour d’autres encore, un talent dont la gloire est devenue impérissable. Je suis heureux aujourd’hui de rendre le même consciencieux hommage à Madlle. Caussemille, qu’on ignorait hier et qui sera célèbre dans un mois.”

The above is extracted from the *France Musicale*. In the *Ménestrel*, M. de la Madelaine, who multiplies himself in this crusade, is equally ecstatic. But I shall only trouble you with one of the several paragraphs of which this rhapsody is composed.

“La jeune virtuose a exécuté le bel andante de Thalberg sur le finale de la *Lucie*. Madlle. Caussemille a déployé dans ce morceau toutes les qualités qu’on peut attendre d’une femme, quelle qu’elle soit, l’appelation Clauss ou même Pleyel, et nous ne craignons pas d’ajouter qu’elle y a joint toute l’énergie passionnée qui est ordinairement l’apanage exclusif que s’attribue notre vilain sexe, comme flic de consolation.”

It would be difficult to know which of the two *virtuosos* would be most offended by this *accouplement* of their names—the vivacious Gantoise, or the sentimental Bohemian. However, as Madlle. Octavie Caussemille is to drive them both out of the field (to say nothing about Mesdames Martin, Mattmann, and Massart—who share among them the triple crown of “virtuosity” in Paris) it can little matter. I may be allowed to express, nevertheless, some slight apprehension about the significance of these praises (I was at Lyons when the concert of M. Sighicelli took place), when I consider that the principal exhibition of this new phenomenon was in M. Thalberg’s threadbare *andante* (on *Lucia*), a piece which has been in the hands of the majority of *demoiselles de pension* for the last fifteen years. For my own part I have little doubt that Madame Pleyel, or Madame Clauss (to say nothing of the three “Queens of the Piano” I have mentioned in another parenthesis—and to whom I may add in this parenthesis three sub-queens, who share among them the lesser triple crown of “virtuosity”—Madame Tardieu, late Charlotte de Mallville, Madlles. Phillibert, and Nannette Falk, who are equally ravishing the “*bottes vernies*” and “*gants jaunes*” of “the capital,” &c., &c.)—I have little doubt, I say (as Mr. Thackeray would say), that either Madame Pleyel or Madame Clauss, Madame Clauss or Madame Pleyel (no offence to either), would be able to play the same *Andante* with the same Chopinical grace and *réverie*, and that without much ado. You will, no doubt, soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself,

if at least it be true, as I have heard, that Madame Clauss and the greater number of those whom I have mentioned, besides MM. Schulhoff and Tedesco, M. Bernard Rie (another pianist from Prague, who is at this moment astonishing “the capital of the polite world,” like the rest of them), MM. Leopold de Meyer, Brahms, Bulow, and nine other pianists whose names I have forgotten, are going to London in the course of the present season, with the intention of performing at the Musical Union. They all—except De Meyer—play Mendelssohn’s first concerto, Hummel’s septet, the concert-stück, and a fugue of Bach.

Old Double isn’t dead—I mean Henri Herz, who has lately given a concert with brilliant success in his own rooms, the principal feature at which was a new concerto in A minor (his sixth) the last movement of which, a *Rondo Orientale*, accompanied by voices, like the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, was encored.\* M. Oscar Comettant, on his part, pronounces Henri Herz “the most graceful and complete of pianists, who re-seats himself, whenever it pleases him, on the throne which governs the whole world of pianoforte players.”

M. Comettant, in his bird’s-eye view of a season so signalised in Paris by imposing pianistic “apparitions,” overlooks the brilliant bevy of lady pianists, headed by Mesdames Clauss and Martin, altogether, and thus briefly resumes its history.

“Littolf opened the ball, Herz followed, and the chief of the French school, the pianist-philosopher, Emile Prudent (who is also going to London) is to bring up the rear.”

Thus it will be seen that M. Comettant’s virtuositous trinity consists of Littolf, Herz and Prudent. What will the ladies say? and their admirers? and, above all, M. Stephen de la Madelaine?

Among the recent noticeable concerts was that of Sig. Bottesini, who, as usual, electrified the public with his truly marvellous talent—genius, I might fairly term it. The concert of M. Littolf, at which he will repeat his fourth Concerto-Symphony, besides introducing some of his music to *Faust* for orchestra and chorus, takes place on Monday. There is some talk here of M. Dreyshock, the pianist, honoring us with a visit on his way to London.

The concerts at the Tuilleries and at the Hotel de Ville have begun, Madlle. Alboni singing at the first, and M. Littolf (“symphonist,” as they call him here) playing at the second.

At one of Madame Massart’s recent *soirées* at her own residence, Madame la Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli) sang “The Wanderer” and “The Erl King” of Schubert. At a charity concert for the orphans of Saint-Amand, in Herz’s rooms Madlle. Marie Cruvelli also sang “The Erl King,” and M. Godéfrid, the harpist, who plays better than ever, was heard with great satisfaction.

M. Paul Smith, of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, speaks in high terms of M. Lubeck, whose performance of Mendelssohn’s first pianoforte concerto, at the concert of Signor Bottesini, I am sorry to say I was myself unable to hear, more especially as I am informed M. Lubeck will be shortly on his way to London. For my own part, of all the piano concerts I have recently attended, I have been most interested in that of Madame Amédée Tardieu, whose performance of selections from the old masters was as correct as it was tasteful, and whose programme was both varied and attractive. The old French harpsichord composer, Couperin, to whom Madame Tardieu is evidently attached, deserves to be better known than he is—even in London, which, if Paris may be called “the centre of arts and civilisation,” has an equal right to the denomination of “the home of classical music.” And so adieu until next week.

P.S.—M. Littolf is not going to London, but there is every reason to believe that you will be favoured with the presence of MM. Jael, Henselt, Ferdinand Hiller, de Konstki, and Wieniawski, pianists of more or less renown.

N.B.—M. Rubinstein, the pianist, is expected daily, and will give one or two concerts here previous to his departure for London. I have not heard of any more pianists who contemplate visiting the metropolis of Great Britain in the season 1858; but, should I obtain further information on the subject, it will form part of my next week’s letter.

\* An account of this interesting concert is in type, and will appear in our next number.



## MUSICAL TALE.

MEETING an old professor, who had spent forty-five years in London, and followed his musical vocation during that term with changes of fortune not a little the result of changes in the musical world, I was desirous to hear an account of its progress from about 1790 to 1823, the year in which I made my first appearance in the metropolis of Albion.

As the veteran commenced his career at an early age, he had the good fortune to be engaged at parties honoured by the visits of Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, and our English composers, Shield, Kelly, Storace, Webbe, Jackson, Cramer (leader of the Ancient Concerts), and some of the "small fry." Curiosity to hear something about the three first, with the state of musical taste among the public at the period in question, urged me to solicit the favour of some information, when my friend proceeded to relate what he recollected as follows.

"At the time I first came to town I was about seventeen years of age, sent to London by my father to take finishing lessons from the first professor of my instrument in town, to afterwards come out in my native place as a pupil of the great man. At the end of my term, I 'got an engagement' to play in the orchestra of the old Covent Garden Theatre, besides invitations to quartet parties, and likewise employment to give lessons to amateurs on my instrument. About this time I once attended a merry meeting of musicians, at which Haydn, Mozart, and Pleyel were present, and I both heard them play and also converse on musical subjects, from which I gleaned some valuable information on melody, harmony, and counterpoint; and on Haydn being questioned, 'how he drew such effects from simple subjects,' his answer, describing his manner of commencing a movement, was curious, and, as he was the senior of the three, his information was respected.

"At this period the sonata was most in fashion, and although a first-rate piano performance, as then considered great, would now only pass for a common attempt, which hundreds of ladies can equal, then the opinion of some piano masters was, that none could play Clementi's works, especially his octave lesson, but the author or the devil. The 'Battle of Prague' came in for its share of public notice as a crack piece, and the boarding-school Mademoiselle who mastered it was considered a finished player in the opinion of her family and friends; and had the engagement at Prague been as often repeated as the musical composition intended to describe it, half the population of Europe must have been butchered or shot, to keep up the spirit of it. Notwithstanding pianoforte playing was behind the present advanced execution of difficult music, for a mere show-off, the composers of the day diffused more tuneful melody into their sonatas (especially such as Haydn, Woelfl, Steibelt, Clementi, and Dussek), which, catching the ear and pleasing the senses, became the class most in request, while the pleasing compositions of that order by Pleyel induced many a gentleman amateur to learn to play on the flute, violin, or violoncello. About this time, also, amateur meetings for the performance of symphonies were held at private houses; and as the early works called by that name were composed for few instruments, the wind portion rarely exceeding two hautboys and two horns, with sometimes a flute part, they could be played at these amateur societies with stringed instruments only, the others having a mere singing part, that filled up. The composers of these most in fashion at this 'time of the day' were Abel, Vanhall, Ditters, Stamitz, Haydn, and Pleyel; and instrumental music was then so upheld, that at our Covent Garden Theatre there was the first and second music before the play commenced—very different to the present time, when the overture to an opera is considered by the audience as a mere prelude to what follows, and even at the Italian Opera in the Haymarket seldom noticed.

"While Haydn gave to the Londoners his twelve grand symphonies, a quantity of quartets, sonatas, canzonets, and a chorus called 'The Tempest,' Mozart extended in grandeur both the symphony and the opera, besides furnishing every class of chamber and church music, weakening his constitution, impairing his health, and shortening his own life, to leave to the musical world a legacy, to receive in return, not a fortune in money, or enough to support his wife and two children after his death, but only a piano, lots of music, and some household furniture. A professor was looked up to as a gentleman, so long as he conducted himself as such; while the organist of a church might safely calculate on holding his place and receiving his stipend for life, providing he was steady—and none in the band at our large theatres had less than two pounds per week, while the principals had from three to five, the leader and composer (also director) eight or ten, living in good style, and still the houses paid and kept open to the end of every season.

"The plan now adopted by managers to save expense is to engage a leader to find a sufficient number, for which he allows him a sum per week; and the functionary at the head of the band being left to do his

best for his employer and himself, he grinds down the salaries of his associates, offering some of the poor devils, at some houses, eighteen shillings or a guinea per week, who, having wives and families to maintain, and there being others ready to take it, there is no other alternative—so they are obliged to either blow a wind instrument four hours of an evening in operas, and give up half their day to rehearsals, for a trumpery pay hardly enough to keep body and soul together, or starve.

"I remember when the Lent oratorios at the large houses were thought splendid, when the number of performers did not exceed two hundred; but then they were picked, and all in the profession: and an organ with only one set of keys, and no pedal pipes, such as the one at which Handel presided, at the performance of his own oratorios, when he played concertos between the acts. Had his instrument possessed the advantage of a double open diapason all through its scale of keys, the lowest note a twenty-four foot pipe, it would have thrown an effect into his choruses—for depth of foundation to his harmony—that would have lifted his soul into the seventh heaven, as he played chiefly with his fingers only, few organs having German pedals in his time. The sacred performances at Exeter Hall have cut up both the concerts of Ancient Music and all the minor ones, except the old Cecilian Society.

"Any one that remembers what playing was forty years ago compared with the present, will discern the wide difference; and in such a vast metropolis as London there must be Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, that only want a chance of 'coming out,' that would tread in their steps, could they be heard. For want of a national institution, conducted on principles to afford them the opportunity, they remain out of sight, without a chance of becoming known."

Here my friend's narrative ended, and after one bottle more as positively the last, we separated.

HAYDN WILSON.

[We should think Mr. Haydn Wilson's friend must have had one bottle too much, already, before the "one bottle more."—Ed.]

HERR REICHARDT'S CONCERT IN PARIS.—(From a Correspondent).—On Saturday last the Salle Pleyel was crowded at a concert given by Herr Alexander Reichardt. The programme commenced with Beethoven's trio in D major, for piano, violin, and violoncello, executed by Madame Szarvachy (Wilhelmina Clauss), MM. Armingaud and Jacquet. Herr Reichardt sang, among other *morceaux*, Meyerbeer's *Schaffers Lied*—which obtained last season such great success both at London and Paris—and the German romance, "Du bist mir nah und doch so fern." Both were loudly applauded. Madame Szarvachy, besides performing in the trio, executed a *Chanson Bohème*, and *Impromptu* by Chopin.

VIVIER.—This cornist lately met with an enthusiastic reception in Bourdeaux, where he played "La Mort du Cerf" and "L'Eloge des Larmes" of Schubert. A still greater honour awaited him on his return to Paris. Rossini, in his youth, was (it is reported, we know not with how much truth) a horn player, like his father before him. On the occasion of Vivier's last visit to the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, Rossini presented him with the mouth-pieces of two horns, which he had (it is stated) used himself half a century ago, and had been lying in his possession ever since.

M. ALEXANDRE BILLET.—"Alexandre Billet," writes the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, "has arrived at Paris, where he purposes passing the rest of the winter. The evening before his departure from Nice, he gave, with the assistance of M. Guglielmi, his second and last *matinée* of classical music in presence of an audience as attractive as it was distinguished and numerous. The programme was magnificent, and comprehended the names of Stradella, Handel, Weber, Mozart, Count L. Stainlein, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven. M. Guglielmi, principal barytone of the Imperial theatre of Vienna, sang several classical *morceaux*."

NOTTINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent).—The fourth Concert of Chamber Music came off on Friday evening (5th inst.), at the Assembly Rooms, the audience being numerous. The programme included Beethoven's quartet in G, op. 18, No. 2, for two violins, tenor and violoncello; the same composer's sonata in D, No. 1, op. 12, for violin and pianoforte; Mendelssohn's quartet in E minor, op. 44, for two violins, tenor and violoncello; and Weber's quatuor in B flat, for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello. Mendelssohn's quartet was the gem of the evening, but the whole concert was a treat.

## ARABELLA GODDARD.

A long time ago, I've heard, it was said,  
 Round young Pindar's mouth, as he slumber'd in bed,  
 A flock of the honey-bees eagerly swarm'd,  
 Believing his lips to their food were transform'd.  
 Even so, I was thinking, the first time I heard  
 Lovely sounds from the wires by her fair fingers stirr'd,  
 Like them, the sweet birds of the fair Indian strand  
 A mistake might be making, if here they should land.  
 Granted first, that you've read what dear Thackeray sings\*  
 Of mahogany trees, and of birds with bright wings—  
 Deceived, they would think the tree grew, and its fellow  
 Deem each there was singing, that heard Arabella;  
 And its branches would seem, as by magical wand,  
 Resounding with music, before them to stand,  
 Deluding with sounds of their own native land.

J. E.

\* Vide his exquisite ballad, "The Mahogany Tree."

## PICCOLOMINI, SANNIER, and SPEZIA.

## ALDIGHIERI, VIALETTI, COSTELLI, and GIUGLINI.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—THE CONCLUDING**  
 PERFORMANCES will be given on Tuesday, March 16; Thursday, March 18; Friday, March 19; and Saturday, March 20.  
**TUESDAY, March 16, LA TRAVIATA.**  
**THURSDAY, March 18, IL TROVATORE.**  
**FRIDAY, March 19, LA ZINGARA** (the Bohemian Girl), for the last time, being for the Benefit of Sig. Giuglini.  
**SATURDAY, March 20, LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.** Maria, Piccolomini.  
 And Last Scene of **I MARTIRI.**  
 Price.—Pit Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Boxes (to hold four persons), Pit and One Pair, £2 2s.; Grand Tier, £3 3s.; Two Pair, £1 6s.; Three Pair, 15s.; Gallery Boxes, 10s.; Gallery Stalls, 3s. 6d.; Pit, 3s. 6d.; Gallery, 2s.  
 Application to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre.  
 No other representation can be possibly given before the commencement of the Summer Season.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—LA ZINGARA** (the

Bohemian Girl).—Sig. GIUGLINI'S BENEFIT.  
 Owing to the very numerous demands for the repetition of this favourite Opera, it will be repeated in the Farewell Week, and **LA ZINGARA** will be presented for the last time on Friday, March 19, being for the Benefit of Sig. Giuglini.  
 Applications to be made at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

**THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Under**

the management of Mr. Buckstone. On Monday, March 15th, and during the week, to commence at 7, with **THE LOVE CHASE**, in which **MISS AMY SEDGWICK** will appear as Constance; the Widow Green by Mrs. Wilkins; Lydia, Miss Bulmer. After which a new ballet by Mr. Lecroq, entitled **JACK'S RETURN FROM CANTON**, in which Miss Louisa Lecroq, Mr. Charles Lecroq, and Mr. Arthur Lecroq, will appear. With the comedy of **PRESENTED AT COURT**, Geoffrey Weidner (his original character), Mr. Buckstone. Concluding with the popular Spanish ballet of **THE GALICIAN FETE**, by Fanny Wright, Mr. Charles Lecroq, and the Corps de Ballet.

**NEW ARRANGEMENT OF PRICES.**—Orchestra Stalls (which may be retained the whole of the evening, and for which there will be no charge for booking), 6s. each. First Price.—Dress Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Second Price.—Dress Boxes, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. Private Boxes, Two Guineas and One Guinea and a-half each. Stage-Manager, Mr. Chippendale.

**THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening,**

March 13th, **RORY O'MORE**, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. After which, **AN HOUR IN SEVILLE**. To conclude with the successful original farce called **LATEST FROM NEW YORK**.

**ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening,**

the performance will commence with **YOU CAN'T MARRY YOUR GRAND-MOTHER**. After which a farce, entitled **WILKINSH TIMES**. To conclude with **BOOTS AT THE SWAN**. Commence at half-past 7.

**GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,**

SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS.

The great actor **MR. CHARLES DILLON** will appear in a round of his favourite characters four nights this week, viz., on Tuesday and Friday, **BELPHEGOR**; on Wednesday, **SIR GILES**; on Saturday, in **THE GAMSTER** and **THE MUSKETEERS**. **MR. JOHN DOUGLASS** will appear in his original character of **Joe Hatchway** in **THE UNION JACK**. On Monday and Thursday, to commence with **THE UNION JACK**. **Joe Hatchway**, Mr. John Douglass. On Tuesday and Friday, to commence with **BELPHEGOR**. **Belphegor**, Mr. Charles Dillon. On Wednesday, **A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBT'S**. **Sir Giles**, Mr. Charles Dillon. On Saturday, **THE GAMSTER** and **THE MUSKETEERS**. **Mr. Charles Dillon** in two pieces. To conclude with a romantic drama. On Wednesday the entertainments will be for the **BENEFIT OF MR. G. B. BIGWOOD**. No advance in the prices during Mr. Charles Dillon's engagement.

## ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

**ON MONDAY** (last time but one this season) **THE CORSICAN BROTHERS**; Tuesday and Thursday, **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM**; Wednesday and Saturday, **LOUIS XI.**; Friday, **HAMLET**. And the Pantomime every Evening.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RESIN.—We cannot break our rule.

A. S. H.—We agree in a great measure with our correspondent; but these controversies cannot always be avoided.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—The little stroke means that the chord is to be played à l'arpeggio; or, in other words, instead of the notes being struck simultaneously, they should be struck in rapid succession, as you strike chords in a harp. Dussek (not Dussek) wrote Plus Ultra, not Non Plus Ultra.

FLAUTO.—It is against our custom to give advice on such matters.

THE PERFORMANCE OF **SAMSON** at Exeter Hall, yesternight week, and **MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'** first soirée, will be noticed next week.

## BIRTH.

On Monday, the 8th of March, at Queen's Terrace, Bayswater, the wife of Charles Lamb Kenney, Esq., barrister-at-law, Inner Temple, of a son.

## THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13TH, 1858.

**DR. HERMANN ZOPFF** (of Berlin) has made another contribution to *Dwight's Journal of Music*. This time our Boston contemporary is not favoured with "characteristics" of anybody except of Dr. Zopff himself. We have inserted the article in another column, where such of our readers as feel disposed to chop logic with so muddy an essayist may read the Zopffian defence of the Zopffian paradoxes. Dr. Zopff endeavours to substantiate his position not only in respect of Mendelssohn, but of Weber. As, however, we have not seen his "characteristics" of the last-named composer, nor the reply of one of Mr. Dwight's collaborators, we have nothing to say to either; but what we have advanced on many occasions with regard to Mendelssohn we are inclined to maintain, notwithstanding Dr. Zopff and his fellow sophists in Berlin, Leipsic, Weimar, and Hanover.

Dr. Zopff seems to belong to a class now unhappily spread throughout the length and breadth of Germany (a symbol of the decline of art in that once favoured country)—the class of "aesthetic" reviewers. The profound reasoning of the Teutonic metaphysicians, while it has led shrewd men to think, has induced shallow men to aim at a show of reasoning. No subject, even the most simple, can now be discussed apart from a host of speculations altogether irrelevant. Let any candid inquirer, for example, read attentively the "Characteristics of Mendelssohn," published in *Dwight's Journal*, by Dr. Zopff, and try to reconcile the presumed shortcomings of that great musician with the reasons assigned for them. The candid inquirer will find insinuations that go to establish nothing, and personal anecdotes that might just as well have accounted for Shakspeare's drama, Bacon's philosophy, or Mr. Albert Smith's *Ascent of Mont Blanc*, as for Mendelssohn's musical idiosyncrasy. Whether true or false, they are all equally worthless in the consideration of such a problem. His agreeable manners, attractive exterior, and remarkable accomplishments rendered Mendelssohn a favourite in society; and this is made the basis of some half dozen foolish conclusions, with respect to what his music might have been had he himself been otherwise. Just as



well may we accept the not less intrinsically absurd, but infinitely more diverting arguments of Herr Wagner about Jews and Jewish music. Because Herr Wagner, when a musical idea comes to him (by some rare and happy chance), is at a loss what to do with it, those who are able to arrange their thoughts in order, and make them the germ of a symmetrical whole, are likened to Hebrews lending their money out to usury. But this definition of the "genial madman" has at least the merit of being humorous; while the arguments and deductions of Dr. Zopff and his tribe are just as commonplace as they are disingenuous.

It is arraigned as a weakness in Mendelssohn that, aware of his inferiority to the great masters, he leaned upon them for support and looked up to them as models, instead of asserting his own independence. The sophistry of this charge is glaring. Examined from any point of view it must fall to the ground. If Mendelssohn *was* inferior, and knew it, surely his acknowledgment of the fact and his consequent policy was rather a strength than a weakness. Hypocrisy and conceit, effrontery and shallow pretence, are vices, not virtues—otherwise the modern æsthetic criticism of musical Germany, instead of being contemptible, would deserve and command respect. But, in sober truth, Mendelssohn was conscious of no such inferiority. He wrote just as much from the heart as Beethoven himself, or any of the grandest musicians, and the proof lies in the striking individuality of all his compositions, from the pianoforte quartet in B minor to the fragments of his unfinished *Christus*. No musician was ever fuller of zeal or stronger of faith than Mendelssohn. No musician ever worked with greater enthusiasm, or took greater pains to perfect his conceptions. A more conscientious labourer in the field of Art, a more religious worshipper of its divinity, never lived. The attempt to paint Mendelssohn as a carpet-knight is so supremely ridiculous, that it can only be excused on the assumption of utter ignorance both of the man and the artist.

We have not at hand Dr. Zopff's *Characteristics* (transferred from the pages of Mr. Dwight to our own); and we do not think the trouble of looking out the numbers that contain them would be well bestowed. We have still some consciousness of the qualms experienced from their first perusal; and, as the burnt child dreads the fire, we have no intention of risking similar inconvenience. Some few of the mere facts, apart from "æsthetics," we retain. For instance—"because Beethoven wrote the *Choral Symphony*, Mendelssohn composed the *Lobgesang*." As well might it be said that, because Bach wrote *The Passion*, Handel composed *The Messiah*; or because Handel wrote *The Messiah*, Haydn composed *The Creation*; or because Mozart wrote *Davidde Penitente*, Beethoven composed the *Mount of Olives*. There is no more in common between the *Choral Symphony* and the *Lobgesang* than between the *Jupiter* and the C minor. Nothing can be more dissimilar in style and in execution than the two first-mentioned works. When Haydn had written his first symphony, did he contemplate that no one henceforth should compose a symphony after the model he had perfected?—and when Beethoven put the finishing touch to his stupendous "No. 9," did he for an instant imagine that from that time onward the chorus should never again be united with the orchestra in a grand symphonic composition? From this point of view, nevertheless, does Dr. Zopff regard the *Lobgesang*—one of the most wonderful of musical creations, and the more wonderful inasmuch as it does not contain one single phrase from end to

end that bears the slightest resemblance to anything in the *Ninth Symphony*. In short, it is impossible to account for the mental aberration that could suggest to our critic the notion of comparing them. Again, if we remember rightly, it was laid to the charge of Mendelssohn that, in consequence of somebody's suggestion, he omitted clarionets from various compositions for the Church—as instruments of too soft and voluptuous a character for sacred music!

And of such-like rubbish consist the technical criticisms adduced to illustrate the general opinion which Dr. Zopff, with an æsthetic dulness truly national, attempts to establish in reference to Mendelssohn. The mere thought that the man who composed *Elijah* should be amenable to such a tribunal, is enough to create despair for music in the country of his birth. We are no friends to any restrictions on the expression of opinion; but we must say that if libels on the great dead were scrutinised with as jealous an eye by public opinion as libels on living despots by public governments, such men as Dr. Zopff would have a better chance of meeting their deserts. When, after all this splutter and froth, the writer, alluding to Mendelssohn's expression of grief and despondency in music, quotes a stupid criticism,\* in which it is disadvantageously compared with that of Beethoven and Schumann, the cup of disgust is filled to overflow. Only the critic who could name Beethoven and Schumann (a vigorous giant and a puling school-boy) in a breath would have been guilty of the nonsense that characterises in almost every sentence the essays published in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, under the title of "*Characteristics of Mendelssohn*." When, however, the same writer (*vide* his last address to our confiding Yankee brother), appeals in support of his own opinions to the "collective verdict of our greatest critics—of a Marx, a Schumann, and a REILSTAB (!)"—we are less astonished at his madness. Who that has any knowledge of German musical literature, can be unaware of the narrow-mindedness of Herr Marx; of the jealousy which, in spite of a not unamiable nature, the impotent Schumann entertained for his puissant contemporary, whose mere presence at Leipzig tongue-tied the Jesuits; and of the utter incompetency of Herr Reilstab to criticise an art with which his own criticisms prove him to be so superficially acquainted †? Our sophist must have been in a sorry plight when he found himself impelled to invite the aid of such champions; and we are happy to leave him with the conviction that Mendelssohn will rank with Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, as one of the greatest of musicians, in spite of the shower of "Zopffs" at this time infesting "*Vaterland*," and playing (without being aware of it) the game of Dr. Liszt, Herr Richard Wagner, and the musical Sepoys.

P.S.—We may express our regret, in a *postscriptum*, that so intelligent and enthusiastic a music-lover as Mr. Dwight (who wrote the analysis of *Elijah*, quoted in the *Musical World*) should be against, instead of with, us in this discussion. If Mr. Dwight will explain the meaning of a single argument in the rhapsody of Dr. Zopff, we shall be happy to salute him. Meanwhile we cannot refrain from calling his attention to the premonitory inscription on the door of Trimalchio (Nero), recorded in the *Satyricon* of Petronius—

\* On the violin concerto, which was stated to have been performed, with evident displeasure by Herr Joseph Joachim—a man so intellectually superior to Mendelssohn, and such a hater of the "conversazione style!"

† Some specimens of this famous "critic" have recently been transferred, in an English dress, to the columns of the *Musical World*.

*Cave Canem.*" This warning was common among the Romans; and we regard Americans and Englishmen as equally citizens of modern Rome—which means modern civilization. For the sake of music, Mr. Dwight, beware of modern German criticism, for the most part nothing better than a mixture of rhapsody, sophistication, paradox, and fables. "*Cave Canem!*"

THERE is in London a certain institution, with which we sincerely hope our readers are acquainted by hearsay only, and which is called the "Literary Fund." Ostensibly the object of this fund is the relief of distressed literary men, and this was, indeed, the purpose contemplated by its founder, the Reverend David Williams. But, thanks to an irresponsible Committee of Management, it is, in point of fact, one of the most useless and cumbersome institutions ever mentioned in the history of time-honoured abuse. The badness of its character may be surmised from the fact that in 1802 it had 394 annual subscribers, whereas at present it has scarcely more than 100, in spite of the notorious increase of persons interested in literature.

Alarming as the state of this invalid institution has become, a few energetic men, headed by the literary chiefs of the day, have devoted themselves to the task of ascertaining whether something or other cannot be done to carry out the intentions of the Reverend David Williams. In 1855 the views of these gentlemen, represented by a Special Committee, of whom Mr. William Tooke, Sir John Forbes, Mr. Robert Bell, Mr. Auldjo, the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Mr. Procter, Mr. John Forster, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Mr. Dilke, and Mr. Charles Dickens were members, were stated at a General Meeting summoned to hear them in the June of that year. Their recommendations were to the effect that a certain Council, originally provided as a check upon the Managing Committee, should be resuscitated, as an operative part of the governing body of the Fund, and that the usefulness of the charity should be enlarged by such an extension of its modes of relief as should embrace not only revocable annuities, but assistance in the shape of loan. To understand the force of this second recommendation, our readers should be aware that those who at present receive relief from the Fund are treated as so many mendicants, and are obliged to beg for alms year after year, bringing on each occasion a recommendatory letter, with a certificate of respectability from two responsible persons. Of all forms of assistance that of a loan is the least humiliating to the party receiving benefit; and as the distresses of literary men are frequently of a merely temporary kind, this form would in many cases be found the most serviceable. To put the matter in as clear a light as possible, the reformers imagined the position of "a literary or scientific man who, having insured his life, might find himself, without being in absolute want, unable to pay the particular premium for this or that year on its becoming due, and who might be heartily glad to be assisted by a loan for that purpose, when he could not so easily reconcile it to his feelings to apply for a grant of money."

We perfectly recollect that meeting of June, 1855. It was held in Willis's Rooms. On the benches appropriated to the reformers were some of the best men of the day; on the platform, occupied by the Committee of Management, was all the fogeydom then in the metropolis. But fogeydom was triumphant. The hardworking man of letters, suffering from a temporary pressure, was still forbidden to knock at the doors of the Fund, and borrow a trifle; the mendicants

of literature were still to be the only objects of beneficence. The fogies, to be sure, worsted in an attempt to show that the proposed ameliorations were legally impossible by the terms of the Charter, promised they would take into consideration the suggestions of the reformers, but when nine months had rolled on, and the next Annual Meeting was held, in March, 1856, it was found that no alterations had been made. The poor tattered wretch of an author was yet compelled to hobble up to the offices of the Institution, accredited by his two respectable friends; while a bye-law, which made the authorship of a book a necessary condition of obtaining relief, and thus precluded periodical writers *en masse* from the benefit of the Fund, stood in full force, though manifestly in direct opposition to the spirit of the time.

We should expatiate at greater length on the absurdity of this bye-law, were it not for the pleasing fact that at the Annual Meeting held in March, 1857, its repeal was formally announced. The statement was also made that an annuity had been granted, though not a hint was thrown out that this single act of munificence, as well as the repeal of the bye-law, might fairly be attributed to the movement on the part of the reformers.

Some little good has thus been already effected by the reforming movement, and still more good by the withdrawal of the thick veil, by which the doings of fogeydom had been long concealed from the public eye. Once, newspaper reporters were excluded from the annual meetings; now, in consequence of a motion on the part of the reformers, they are admitted. The most modest man will not be apt to blush in the dark, but a flood of light may render even a member of the Literary Fund Committee of Management susceptible of a sense of shame.

The reformers, at the meeting held this week, renewed their assaults on the old citadel of abuse. They have always been, and still are, in a minority, but nevertheless they have always succeeded in frightening the majority into something like a concession, and a series of such defeats may ultimately prove tantamount to victory. Hence they are steadily going on, determined not to desist until the Society, by adopting a system of loans, tries to confer a real benefit on the working men of literature, instead of confining itself to a few miserable out-door pensioners, and until, also, it contrives to do its charities at a cheaper rate. By the last accounts of the Society, the sum distributed among claimants being £1,225, the expense of distribution was £523—about 40 per cent. on the amount. This is one of the many instances in which fact is stranger than fiction. The absurdity implied in these figures goes beyond the limits even of caricature.

The Literary Fund at present possesses funded property to the amount of £30,000, besides landed estates yielding an annuity of £200, and thus endowed, it has striven to become absolutely inapplicable to the purposes for which it was founded. To Mr. Charles Dickens and his associates the thanks of every literary Englishman are due for their exertions in attempting to clean out this Augean stable of abuse, but the best smile upon their efforts is doubtless bestowed by the shade of the Reverend David Williams.

PHILIP OF MACEDON, who was by no means inclined to finch from any amount of moral responsibility, would, we think, have shrunk a little from the utterance of one of his memorable sayings, had he known of what an immense progeny of twaddle he thus made himself the patriarch. His son, Alexander, had chanced to sing very agreeably (for the time) at

a certain entertainment, and, after encountering the smiles of everybody present, was forced to endure the grumpy question from the paternal lips: "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?" Old Plutarch, who recounts the anecdote, applauds Phillip with the remark—"It is enough for a prince to bestow a vacant hour upon hearing others sing, and he does the Muses sufficient honour if he attends the performances of those who excel in the art." The verbal answer of Alexander is not—we believe—on record, but we have his practical answer in the fact that his fame far outshone that of his father.

The twaddle of Philip, as we have seen, begot the twaddle of Plutarch, and the progeny has gone on increasing through many generations. Lord Chesterfield warned his son never to be seen with a pipe in his mouth, or a fiddle under his chin; and now the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* objects to the appointment of Mr. Bidwell, as the Earl of Malmesbury's private secretary, because he (Mr. Bidwell, not the editor) once played harlequin in the amateur pantomime.

To prove our assertion we quote *Punch's* account of the affair, certain that our readers would rather take a peep at the *Advertiser* through the medium of our pleasant contemporary, than survey our very unpleasant contemporary with the naked eye:—

#### WARNING TO THE WITLERS.

We admire wit, and even for the Scotch form of it, known as wut, we have toleration. But we own to distaste for the satirist who throws stale beer in your face by way of epigram.

The Foreign Secretary has appointed as his private secretary a gentleman who is understood to be in every way qualified for that office. The *Morning Advertiser* puts out, in large letters, a scoff at the appointment, because the gentleman in question, a couple of years ago or more, joined a party of friends in performing a pantomime for a charity. He played Harlequin on one night, therefore is unfit to conduct Lord Malmesbury's correspondence, and his Lordship is to be sneered at for the appointment.

What the *Advertiser* knows about Harlequin, we cannot say, but we can certainly compliment our contemporary upon being a most blundering Clown; though not a very amusing one. We have not observed that he has been hoaxed very lately into printing indelicacies in Greek, under the idea that they were theological arguments; but the state of mind in which only he could give insertion to the stupid and illogical spitefulness we have alluded to, warrants our warning the Wilters who sit in judgment on him, that they had better put another rod in pickle, for they may expect their property to be delaced, shortly, by some signal absurdity. We may look for some quotation of Holywell street impropriety, given in Latin, as an extract from Solomon's Proverbs, and as a floorer for Puseyism. Look alive, beloved Bungs.

Respect this censure, brother Editor, so mildly administered by the tap of *Punch's* immortal cudgel. It is quite possible for a prince to sing at a party, and become a great king afterwards. It is quite possible for a man to play second fiddle in a quartet in the evening, and perform the functions of a respectable broker in the morning. It is quite possible to play Harlequin for once and a way in the days of one's youth, and sober down into a sedate private secretary two years afterwards. Nay, more than this, so elastic is the human mind, that it is possible to toady a theological quack, and edit a liberal newspaper at the same time.

Alexander answered Philip by outshining him. Let Mr. Bidwell answer his assailant by—No, hang it! he can do something more than outshine the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The opening of the St. James's Hall is to be celebrated by two concerts, in aid of the funds of the Middlesex Hospital.

#### CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE praise of variety, if no other, must be accorded to the programme of the concert of Saturday, the 27th of February. It comprised compositions from Italian, German, French, Irish and English musicians. Let it speak for itself:—

Overture—"Le Carnaval Romain" ... ..	Berlioz.
Cavatina—"Ah! quel giorno" (Semiramide)— Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorff ... ..	Rossini.
Bacchanalian Glee—"Come, boys, drink"—Orpheus Glee Union ... ..	Marschner.
Ballad—"Karin"—composed for Mr. Allan Irving Symphony No. 4 (The Italian) ... ..	G. Linley. Mendelssohn.
Serenade—"Oft when night"—Orpheus Glee Union Ballad—"Kathleen Mavourneen"—Madlle. M. Rudersdorff ... ..	L. de Call. Crouch.
Song—"The Outlaw"—Mr. Allan Irving ... ..	Loder.
Part Song—"The Tar's Song"—Orpheus Glee Union Overture—"Le Père Gaillard" ... ..	Hatton. Reber.

Hector Berlioz's romantic and quaint overture was played very effectively. The splendid cavatina from *Semiramide*, unless splendidly sung, loses immensely by being transferred to the concert-room. Madlle. Mathilde Rudersdorff is a clever artist, but her vocal means are taxed too severely in Rossini's air. The Orpheus Glee Union were in great force. They were encored in Marschner's glee and Hatton's part-song with loud applause. The performance of the third and last movement of Mendelssohn's symphony reflected great credit on Mr. Manns and his band. The intonation of the bassoons and horn in the third movement was most grateful to the ear. Reber's overture is of the French Frenchy. It was well played.

The concert on Saturday last did not attract the usual number of visitors, heavy falls of snow prevailing throughout the day. Many, however, were found bold enough to face the cold and the snow, and were not disappointed on their arrival at the Palace. If not absolutely warm, the interior was found comfortable, and persons well clad found not the slightest inconvenience in remaining seated during the progress of the concert. The bitter winds howled round the building as if desirous of gaining access through some hole or chink, and the flakes drifted about at random and settled here and there on panes, pillars, and buttresses, lending a rich variety of landscape to the lookers-on from within and without.

The programme was more varied and select than that of the previous Saturday, as a glance will show:—

Concert Overture ... ..	Van Bree.
Morning Prayer—"Eli"—Madlle. M. Rudersdorff Glee—"The Soldier's Love"—Orpheus Glee Union—(Solo by Mr. Fielding) ... ..	Costa. Kucken.
Rondo Brillante, for Pianoforte (Op. 22)—Miss Beste Song—"Waters of Elbe"—Miss Roden ... ..	Mendelssohn. French Melody.
Symphony No. 8 ... ..	Beethoven.
Song—"Jessie's Dream"—Madlle. M. Rudersdorff Serenade—"Slumber Dearest"—Orpheus Glee Union Solo for Pianoforte—"Frisches Grün"—Miss Beste Song—"The Queen of the Sea"—Miss Roden ... ..	Blockley. Mendelssohn. Spindler. Schloss.
New Glee—"The Hunt is up"—Orpheus Glee Union March—"Daniel" ... ..	Hatton. G. Lake.

Beethoven's symphony and Mendelssohn's pianoforte piece and serenade would have made any concert interesting. The execution of the symphony was not unimpeachable. A little more smoothness in the *allegro vivace e con brio* and the *minuetto* would have been desirable. On the other hand, the second and last movements left nothing to find fault with. Miss Beste made her first appearance as a pianist, but did not create a profound sensation. Some palliation should be found for drawbacks on a first appeal to public favour; and we shall be most happy on a future occasion to ascribe Miss Beste's want of success on Saturday last to timidity and nervousness. The selection of Spindler's "Frisches Grün" was a mistake. The piece has little merit, and no executant could make it interesting. Miss Roden is quite a novice and her voice too small for the Crystal Palace. When the young lady is further advanced in her studies, and when she transfers her singing to a more favourable locality, we shall be enabled to decide on her pretensions.



The Orpheus Glee Union again distinguished themselves, obtaining encores in Kucken's glee, and Hatton's "The Hunt is up." In Mendelssohn's serenade they were not so successful, and should rehearse it better. Mdle. Mathilde Rudersdorff's best success was in the charming prayer from *Eli*.

The concert this day is rendered unusually attractive by the engagement of Miss Arabella Goddard, who is to play the 4th Concerto of Moscheles.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Sig. Giuglini's benefit is announced for Friday next, March 19th, when Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* will be performed for the last time. Mdle. Spezia will, we hear, for the first time, appear in the part of Arline.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The staff retained before the curtain of Her Majesty's Theatre, presented, on Saturday evening last, to Mr. Charles Nugent, of that establishment, a splendid silver snuff-box, as a token of the united esteem and regard for his courtesy and urbanity towards them on all occasions.

EDINBURGH.—Two operatic representations have been given at the Theatre Royal—on Saturday *La Traviata*, and on Monday *La Figlia del Reggimento*. On both nights the house was crammed in every part, and the performances appear to have afforded the most unqualified delight. The journals speak in rapturous terms of Mdle. Piccolomini's Violetta and Maria.

LEEDS.—MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—(From our own Correspondent).—A large and influential meeting was held in the Court House, on Thursday, presided over by the Mayor (P. Fairbairn, Esq.), at which it was unanimously decided to open the new Town Hall by a musical festival, on a scale worthy the metropolis of the West Riding. The meeting was convened by circulars issued by the Mayor, in which it was stated that the committee of the Town Hall deemed it desirable that that magnificent building should be inaugurated by a festival, and the co-operation of the town was sought. A resolution was passed, deciding that a festival should take place, and the following gentlemen were chosen as a committee for carrying out the arrangements:—Messrs. T. Eagland, M. Cawood, Julian Marshall, J. W. Atkinson, S. Hey, W. Joy, Ed. Hepper, J. N. Dickenson, J. H. Shaw, G. Smith, G. A. Smith, J. Piper, Samuel Smith, G. Buckton, R. Barr, E. C. Dray, and Joseph Holt. A long discussion took place as to the precise time of the festival, many gentlemen being anxious that it should precede the meetings of the British Association; but as the visit of the Association is fixed for the last week in August, it was ultimately understood that the formal and grand opening should be by a festival, to be held in about a month afterwards. The Mayor expressed a confident hope that Her Majesty would personally patronise the festival. He had had some communication with Colonel Phipps on the subject. A guarantee fund will be immediately raised, and it has been decided to give the profits of the festival to the Leeds General Infirmary. The project has been taken up by all parties with the greatest zeal, and it is believed that this, the first grand festival ever given in Leeds, will be on an extensive and magnificent scale. At the People's Concert, on Saturday last, Miss Julia Bleaden gave her entertainment, entitled, "Operatic Sketches," being assisted by Mr. A. Nicholson (oboeist), Mr. H. Nicholson (flautist), and Mr. Spark (pianist). It was an elegant and clever entertainment, and gave universal delight.

TORQUAY.—Mr. Fowler gave his second pianoforte recital at Webb's Royal Hotel, on Wednesday morning last. A performance of classical music (or, in other words, the most intellectual and beautiful music) in a provincial town is of rare occurrence, since, unfortunately, there is a certain kind of prejudice against this style, which is doubtless to be attributed to imperfect musical education. People, generally speaking, prefer listening to an air with variations by Herz, or a fantasia on operatic melodies by Thalberg, to a sonata by Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, or Mendelssohn. That champion of the great masters, the editor of the *Musical World* (a paper which every one interested in music should take in), shows, however, that a great change is taking place. He says—

"Even now only a small portion of the music of the really great composers is familiar to the public, while, on the other hand, the public generally is becoming utterly wearied (nauseated indeed) with the Fan-

tasia-school and its twin-sister, the 'Rhapsodic,' so grossly misnamed the 'Romantic.' M. Thalberg, the most illustrious modern representative of the former, has been of late years going out of fashion, and no wonder, since he has flourished for a lengthy succession of years on the eternal modification of *one* idea. Take away his thumb and his arpeggio, and what becomes of M. Thalberg?"

We firmly believe that as musical education in this country is advancing with rapid strides, we shall soon find that a brilliant performance of empty, unmeaning sounds will cause no excitement whatever in an English audience. It will be absolutely necessary for a fine player, if he wishes to be appreciated, to wed himself to fine music. Notwithstanding our previous acquaintance with Mr. Fowler as a pianist, we were not prepared to hear so excellent a reading of the great pieces he played. We must, however, speak plainly as to his leaving out the last movement of the *Sonata Pastorale* of Beethoven. This was unpardonable, and we believe there were many in the room who felt greatly disappointed. Of Weber's grand Sonata in A flat, the *Musical World* says:—

"Genius breathes in every bar of this truly enchanting work, which, while as characteristic of Weber as anything that ever proceeded from his pen, unites the luxuriant melody of the South to the deeply-coloured harmony, ingenious contrivance, and romantic expression of the veritable Teutonic music."

Of Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* we will say nothing beyond that the execution of it was all that could be desired, and that it was out of place in a performance of classical music. We will conclude by wishing Mr. Fowler success in the path he has cut out for himself, as a preacher (on the piano) of the great masters, and may he find as many converts in the south as Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Charles Hallé, and a few others, find in their respective localities. We must not fail to notice the able assistance afforded by Mr. Arnold, as vocalist; and Mr. Rice, as violinist. The former gentleman sang "The Spell," by Weber, beautifully, and received the compliment of an encore. —(Abridged from the "Torquay Directory.")

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—A few weeks ago some difficulties had arisen in the preliminary arrangements for holding a musical festival of the three choirs at Hereford, and we now find that there is every prospect of their removal. On Saturday last there was a meeting of the late stewards and committee, and other promoters of the Festival, the Right Hon. and Rev. Lord Say and Sele in the chair. A resolution was come to that an effort should be made to obtain twenty-five stewards for the forthcoming meeting (in lieu of the usual number of eight), with a guarantee limiting the liability of each steward to £25. This augmentation of number, and diminution of the individual responsibility of the stewards, has been found to work admirably in Worcester and Gloucester, in more than one instance converting a deficit into a surplus, and an expectation is entertained that similar results may follow in Hereford. Thirteen have accepted office; and the meeting stands adjourned for a fortnight, to give those disposed the opportunity of evincing their sympathy. The Dean of Hereford declined to accept the office of steward, but has been no impediment to those more impressed with a sense of the necessity for continuing these musical celebrations. The cathedral organist, Mr. Townshend Smith, in the sight of unfavourable experiences, and in the presence of much reluctance and indifference, has persevered in a re-organisation of the music meeting, which is calculated to have a permanent influence upon the fortunes of the undertaking. The Rev. John Hopton has accepted the chairmanship of the Festival Committee, which the Arch-deacon of Hereford recently resigned. —*Worcester Journal*.

MIDSOMER-NORTON.—The organ of the church here has been repaired, after undergoing a complete restoration. The sermons in aid of the repair fund were preached, in the morning by the Rev. the Vicar, who took as his text, Col. iii., 16, 17; in the evening by the Right Rev. Bishop Carr, Rector of Bath, from Psalms, xlviii., 3—6. Mr. J. H. Macfarlane presided at the organ, and was supported by a choir from Bath. The services for the morning, were Nare's in F, and the anthem, "In Jewry is God known;" those for the evening, were Ebdon's in C, and the anthem, "Lift up your heads all ye gates." Notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, there was a fair attendance in the morning, and a crowded congregation in the evening. The collections were good, and not the least gratifying feature was, that in the evening, the sum of 9s. was realised out of the pence of the poor alone. The greater portion of the expenses attending the repairs was provided for by the contributions of those connected with the parish. Mr. Clark, of Bath, was the organ-builder engaged.

## THE DECLINE OF PANTOMIME.

(From Punch).

WE hear of the decline of the legitimate drama, but in our opinion that is not by any means so marked and so deplorable as is the decline of the legitimate pantomime. We recollect when we were used to swelter in the pit on boxing-nights, in our uncommonly hot youth when George the Third was king, the harlequinade was something more than a mere series of tricks and tumbles. There was a something then approaching to a plot in it; although we own that, to our undeveloped intellect, the red-hot poker proved of greater interest than the plot. The "transformation," we remember, was always the joint work of the good and evil fairies; the former sending forth the lovers as harlequin and columbine, to enjoy themselves in dancing towards the "Bowers of Bliss," and the latter changing into clown and pantaloons, the "stern parent or guardian" and his protégé (of course) the rejected suitor, for the purpose of annoying the fond couple on the road, and of showing, as we fancied, that not even among fairies can the course of true love be expected to run smooth. To frustrate their designs, and give protection to her favourites, the good fairy then gave harlequin his magic wand and cap: the latter of which bestowed complete invisibility, while with the former he performed his tricks—not merely to surprise and please the audience, but to astonish and amuse the weak minds of his pursuers, and so gain time for a dance of delight upon escaping from them.

But now, we grieve to see, all this is the exception rather than the rule. The change is now no longer of necessity the work of the good and evil genii. Nay, we shudder to reflect, that in some cases the fairies are dispensed with altogether; and the transformation is effected solely by the scene-shifters. Spontaneous harlequins now come before the footlights and giddify themselves with self-created columbines; while clown or pantaloons, alike unbidden, jumps forth from the suit of the *Unnatural Uncle*. It horrifies us also to see to what base uses the fairy gifts of harlequin are often now perverted. Degraded by the advertising spirit of the age, his magic wand is used to puff some magic strop, or to show what transformations are effected by cheap tailors in the personal appearance of the customers who deal with them. He cuts a caper to remind us of some cutlery establishment, and takes his leaps to show off the superior elasticity of some gutta percha leggings or new patent spring-heeled boots. In short, his tricks degenerate to merely tricks of trade, and all the "comic business" of the good old harlequinade becomes a paid-for and a serious commercial matter.

Moreover now the "Unities" are often wholly disregarded: the parts, like forms of contract, being filled in duplicate. On the principle that quantity will serve instead of quality, two columbines are now engaged to do the work of one; and in their persons, as well as by their tricks, we find the harlequins now "come the double" with us; having a couple of clowns and a pair of pantaloons for the sake of keeping watch upon their duplex movements. Besides too, a suspicious-looking nondescript, called harlequina, whom if we were columbine we should certainly insist on harlequin's disowning, there are generally now a brace or more of sprites, who appear to jump to the conclusion of the piece for no apparent purpose but to get their legs broken.

To a mind that recollects and admires the "legitimate" all this is painful proof of the decline of the proper pantomime, and justifies our fear that it is surely dying out. It is true we hear of theatres still crowded upon boxing nights, and of their managers being crowned and half-crowned with success. But these triumphs are achieved by the gasmen and the scene-painters, and in no way can be looked on as "legitimate" results. Moreover the infusion of the acrobat element is clearly tending to destroy the purely pantomimic, and fully half the cause of the decline we are deploring may be traced to the bad influence of doubling the parts. It may be that a pantomime may run a little longer for having all the strength of what is called a "double company" to help it; but this doubling of the bipeds who sustain the parts, appears to us to have a quadrupedal tendency, and almost makes us fear that we shall live to see the night when half the pantomimes in London will be "mounted" as at Astley's.

## A RHAPSODY ON LISZT.\*

(From the New York Musical World.)

IN order to know a man well, we must have eaten a bushel of salt with him—as the Germans say. With Liszt, although I have not starved, yet I have shared hunger and thirst as well as luxuries.

I have been with him sleeping and waking. I have held him up when sad events threw this extremely irritable man upon the couch, or towering waves of fortune raised him to the utmost height of felicity. I have struggled against his pride and virulence, and have not shrunk even from icy coldness. I have listened to him when his soul was filled with the holiest inspirations, and have stood near him, watching and warning, when malign influences threatened to plunge him into an abyss of errors.

There was no situation in which I was not, as an intimate friend, near this wonderful man; and this I think is equal to the bushel of salt, if not more. Thus perhaps no one was equally well justified in writing a biography of Liszt as myself, which book by the way contains the only really good portrait of this rare as well as singular artist.

Here, where I delineate only a few lines of his portrait, I will commence with an anecdote from his life, which, being a fact, shows his character so well, that an attentive reader, without the aid of a glass, can immediately recognise Liszt.

During his last great triumphant tour through Germany, Liszt stopped for some time in Stuttgart. He lingered there, as he often would tell us, principally on account of his friend, the poet Dingelstedt, and partly for my own sake. He gave several public concerts, from which he realised the sum of 12,000 florins in a city numbering but about 50,000 inhabitants. He became the centre of the first society and of splendid festivals. He played several times at Court, for which he received all possible distinctions which the King of Wurtemberg could confer upon an artist. The list of honors was exhausted when the royal princesses wished to hear once more this magician of the piano keys quite privately in their own apartments. Liszt, our truly chivalric artist, accepted with delight such an invitation, expecting less to show himself as an artist than to express his thanks for the many honors received. It must have been rare enjoyment for a royal family which recognised in art only a graceful pastime and a delightful intoxication of the senses, with an agreeable excitement of the sentiments; for no artist in the world understands better than Liszt how to survey at a glance the character and the most hidden recesses in the hearts of his audience. This very fact is the cause of his wonderful effects, and will secure them to him always. He played on that occasion Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," with his far more effectual, free, final cadence, his "Chromatic Galop" (which causes all nerves to vibrate), and a few of his transcriptions of Schubert's songs—those genuine pearls, the richness and colouring of which none can show so well as himself, being a unique and most perfect master of the art of touch. And, finally, in order to show something at least of his immense bravura, he played a little concerted piece. The most gracious words of acknowledgment were showered upon him. Liszt, enraptured by the truly heavenly eye of one of the princesses, which, rendered still more beautiful by a singular moisture, was fixed upon him, declared his happiness in thus being able to express his thanks for the many honors conferred upon him.

Among all the princes of Europe, however, there is none so little inclined to accept of services without remuneration as the King of Wurtemberg. This is one of the many chivalric traits in the character of that monarch, none other rewarding artists in such royal style. On the next morning I was with Liszt, each of us smoking comfortably on one end of the sofa a real Havana. Liszt was just telling me of his last visit at court, when there entered one of its servants. He placed a roll of 150 ducats in gold upon the table, and presenting Liszt with an open receipt, asked him to sign it. Liszt read: "Received, for his playing," etc.

Aloud, and in a tone of astonishment, Liszt repeated the words: "Received, for my playing?" and, rising with that peculiar aristocratic grace, he says in a mild, condescending tone: "For my playing am I to sign this document?—My friend, I imagine some clerk of the court-treasury has written this scrawl." Upon which the servant, interrupting, said, that it had been written by Mr. Tafel, Counsellor of Court and Director of the Court-Treasury: "Well," said Liszt, "take back the receipt and money, and tell" (raising his voice) "the Counsellor from me, that neither King nor Emperor can pay an artist

\* A puff-preparatory would be as good a title, if it be true that Dr. Liszt is about to pay the United States a professional visit.—Ed. M. W.

for his playing—only, per chance, for his *lost time*, and" (with haughty indignation) "that the Counsellor is a *blockhead* if he does not comprehend that! For your trouble, my friend," (giving him 5 ducats) "take this trifle."

The servant, in utter astonishment, knew not what to answer, and looked at me. But Liszt's slight figure was erecting itself, his finely-cut lips were compressed, his thin cheeks quivering, his head was boldly thrown back so that his thick hair (then dark brown, now gray) fell far down on his shoulder, his nostrils were expanding, the lightning of his keen and brilliant eye was gleaming, his arms were folded, and he showed all his usual indications of inward commotion. Knowing, therefore, that Liszt had by that document been touched at his most sensitive point, and that this was nothing more nor less than a small battle in his great contest for the social position and rights of artists—a contest which when a boy of 15 years he had already taken up, I was well aware of the impossibility of changing his mind for the present, and therefore remained silent, while the discomfited lacquey retired with many low bows, taking money and scroll with him. Whether he really delivered the message, I know not; but I was still sitting with Liszt when he re-appeared, and, laying the money upon the table, gave Liszt a large sealed letter, which read as follows: "The undersigned, officer of the Treasury of Court, commanded by His Majesty the King, begs Dr. Liszt to accept, as a small compensation for his *lost time* with the princesses, the sum of 150 ducats." Liszt handed me the paper, and with a silent glance I interrogated him in return. It is an old fact that the soul is always most clearly reflected in homely features; and I distinctly read in his, reconciliation and the kindest feelings again. He sat down and wrote on a scrap of paper with pencil: "Received, from the royal treasury, 150 ducats, Franz Liszt," and gave it to the servant very politely, accompanied by another rich gift. There was never afterward any further allusion to the affair.

Another fact. Liszt was once at my house, when a woman was announced to whom I was in a habit of giving quarterly a certain sum for her support; it being a few days before the usual time, she gave as an excuse (it was November) the hard times. While providing for her, I told Liszt, in an undertone, that she was an honest but very indigent widow of a painter, deceased in his prime, to whom a number of brother-artists were giving regular contributions in order to enable her to get along with her two small children. I confess, while telling him this, I hoped that Liszt, whose liberality and willingness to do good had almost become proverbial, would ask me to add something in his name; and was, therefore, quite surprised to see him apparently indifferent—for he answered nothing, and continued looking down in silence. After a few days, however, the widow reappeared, her heart overflowing with thankfulness, and her eyes filled with tears of joy, for she and her children had, at the expense of a man whose name she was not permitted to know, received beautiful and new winter clothing while kitchen and cellar had been stored with every necessary for the coming winter. Now all this had been arranged by the landlady of a certain hotel, at which *Liszt was then stopping*.

Let me mention a third circumstance which reveals another trait in the character of this singular man. The price of admission to Liszt's concerts was unusually high, so that they could only be frequented by the wealthier classes. At a party the conversation fell upon this subject, and it was regretted that for such a reason the many teachers and scholars, in spite of their great anxiety to hear the great master, were prevented from doing so. I told Liszt of this, and he answered: "Well, arrange a concert for them only, charge as much or as little as you think proper, and let me know *when* and *what* I shall play." Immediately a committee was formed, and a concert, for teachers and scholars only, arranged, to which the price of admission amounted to only 18 kreutzers (about 12 cents.) Quantities of tickets were sold, and immense galleries had to be erected in the large hall. Liszt viewed with delight this juvenile multitude, the enthusiasm of whom knew no bounds, and I never heard him play more beautifully. With a delighted heart he stood amid a shower of flowers which thousands of little hands were strewing for him, and when at last six veritable little angels approached in order to thank him, he embraced them with tears in his eyes; not heeding the fact that the grown-up people were appropriating his gloves, handkerchief, and all they could get hold of, tearing them up into a thousand bits, to preserve in remembrance of him. On the next morning we brought him the proceeds of the concert (nearly 1,000 florins)—he declared that he had felt happier in that concert than ever before, and that nothing could induce him to accept the money—with which the committee might do as they pleased; and if after so much delight they did not wish really to hurt his feelings, he would beg of them never to mention that money to him again. It was appropriated to a *Liszt fund*, which will continue to exist for ever, and a poor teacher's son, on going to college, is destined to receive the first interest.

A thousand similar anecdotes, which pass with many for eccentricities, might be related of him, which prove him to be a great and truly noble character, showing at the same time that such genius as his is one of the clearest manifestations of the divine origin of human nature.

Liszt was born on the 22nd October, 1811, in the Hungarian village Rádning (near Oedenburg). His father was an official on an estate of the Prince Esterhazy. When still a boy and only a scholar of his father, who was a mere amateur, he distinguished himself by his playing. Accompanied by his father, he went to Carl Czerny, in Vienna; yet the teaching of the latter was not of very great moment; of still less value was the instruction in composition which he received now here and now there.

His father, on quitting the service, used the talent of his young son only as a means of gain. Liszt is principally self-taught in all things, and well he may be so; for while others need years for the study of a science, he only requires days,—and his inborn artistic genius, when scarcely first aroused, was already at an advanced point of true art. He would have become a great man, no matter what he might have undertaken. The greatness and universality of his genius prove it; and then the severe education which his father, who was also an able amateur, gave him, prevented him from falling into dangerous aberrations.

The latter travelled with the wonderful boy through Germany, France, and England, and everywhere his concerts yielded much profit; they chose to make Paris the centre of their wandering life, and there the boy became the loved and petted favorite of the ladies in all saloons. This circumstance called forth in him a great desire for ennobling art, and ripened afterwards into a veritable passion. The great attention paid to him everywhere by the most distinguished persons, the boy attributed only to his art, at the same time he must, at an early period, have had a presentiment, if not a conviction, of the social position of a truly great artist. Would it be believed, that already in the boy of 15 years, the resolution was deeply rooted to vindicate and assert this right everywhere and in all things, and that he regulated his whole life, deeds, and desires in accordance with it, straining every muscle to tear down the wall which heretofore had separated artists and art from society. This fact, if borne in mind, explains all seeming eccentricities in Liszt's life and deeds. From this arose the occasional differences with his father, whose ideas were in direct opposition with his. When his father died, the most bitter tears of the son were shed upon his grave; but feeling himself now free, he began anew the work which before he could not earnestly take hold of.

And has he accomplished it? Most certainly! Liszt must in history be placed in a similar attitude with Beethoven; for as the latter has delivered art from the bondage of an old scholasticism, and reinstated it in its own rights, so has the former established for the first time the rights of artists in society. This constitutes his greatness in art-history, besides his being the greatest piano-player of the age.

Though only 17 years old, Liszt felt the danger of his undertaking, and in order to secure his mother from all accidents, he made over to her all he had earned until then—about 200,000 francs. After this he withdrew into solitude—for the extraordinary spirit of the young untrained man was in need of nourishment, which he obtained there by diligent study.

This only was his object: he was no visionary. Beings of genius, in whose souls a certain fermentation is continually going on, desire also to satisfy their easily-excited senses. Hence the strange freaks which marked Liszt's life at that period, though he never lost sight of his aim. The success of young Thalberg in Paris first drew him again before the public. He returned, prepared for the battle, into society, where he shone by his elegant and polished manners. Electrifying all with the flashes of his clear and penetrating mind, and awakening an echo in the breast of his hearers with every key he touched, he seemed to create an entirely new world of piano-playing. Petted when a boy, he was admired as a youth, and this admiration still increased when he became a man; the more so, since the artist was adorned by social manners which are found only in the highest sphere of society, or in such persons as naturally, in their mental powers, tower above others.

Only kings or millionaires, who are at the same time poets and models of perfection, can live as Liszt lives! He knows no social restriction or formality, and only recognises the nobility of the heart and of art. Hence, not only the many extravagant notions in his intercourse with society, but also, notwithstanding his inclination to sensual gratification, his tendency to piety. From the latter again arises his great nervous irritability, causing naturally, his imagination to be very easily excited.

(To be continued.)



# NEW ENGLISH SONGS,

BY

## POPULAR COMPOSERS.

**JOHN L. HATTON.**

"PHOEBE, DEAREST, TELL, OH TELL ME!"

COMPOSED FOR SIMS REEVES.

Price 2s. 6d.

Phoebe, dearest, tell, oh! tell me,  
May I hope that you'll be mine?  
Oh! let no cold frown repel me,  
Leave me not with grief to pine.  
Though 'tis told in homely fashion,  
Phoebe, trust the tale I tell;  
Ne'er was truer, purer passion,  
Than within this heart doth dwell.

Long I've watch'd each rare perfection,  
Stealing o'er that gentle brow,  
'Till respect became affection,  
Such as that I offer now.  
If you love me, and will have me,  
True I'll be in weal and woe;  
If in proud disdain you leave me,  
For a soldier I will go.

Little care the broken hearted  
What their fate, by land or sea,  
Phoebe, if we once are parted,  
Once for ever it will be.  
Say then "yes," or blindly, madly,  
I will rush upon the foe;  
And wilt welcome, oh, how gladly,  
Shot or shell that lays me low.

**MISS FRICKER**

(Composer of "Fading away.")

"I DO NOT WATCH ALONE."

Price 2s.

When ev'ry flow'r that ope'd at morn,  
Its weary eye shall close,  
And by the wings of mem'ry borne,  
My thoughts on thee repose;  
I love to hear the ev'ning bells,  
To list their soothing tone;  
For to my heart their music tells,  
I do not watch alone.

In fancy, while I hear that chime,  
I rove again with thee,  
And hear thy vow, "At ev'ning time,  
My thought of thee shall be."  
Then will I love those vesper bells,  
And list their soothing tone;  
For to my heart their music tells,  
I do not watch alone.

**C. J. HARGITT.**

"THE LAST GOOD NIGHT."

COMPOSED FOR SIMS REEVES.

Price 2s. 6d.

Good night, once more good night, love,  
The waning moon is high,  
And the stars too soon will fade, love,  
Into the morning sky!  
Ah! the cruel, envious day, love,  
Forbids my longer stay!  
Good night, once more, good night, love!  
Good night, good night!

The nightingale is silent,  
His song is heard no more;  
The bird of dawn proclaimeth,  
How the midnight time is o'er.  
Good night, good night!  
The heavens and earth decree,  
I may not stay with thee,  
Good night, once more, good night, love!  
Oh! the weary hour for me!

See, oh! see, th' impatient morning  
Sends forth his herald ray,  
Ah! must I take the warning,  
And tear myself away?  
Now fly the shades of night, love,  
Than day to me more bright!  
Good night, a last good night, love,  
Good night, good night!

**M. W. BALFE.**

"SCENES OF HOME."

Price 2s.

I'm with you once again, my friends,  
No more my footsteps roam;  
Where it began, my journey ends,  
Amid the scenes of home.

No other clime has skies so blue,  
Or streams so broad and clear;  
And where are hearts so warm and true,  
As those that meet me here!

Since last with spirits wild and free  
I pressed my native strand,  
I've wander'd many miles at sea,  
And many miles on land.

I've seen fair regions of the earth,  
By rude commotion torn,  
Which taught me how to prize the worth  
Of that where I was born.

**R. S. PRATTEN.**

"TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"

SONG.

SUNG BY MISS LOUISA VINNING.

Price 2s.

A maiden fair and young  
Went forth one morn in May.  
Upon a bough there hung  
A bird that seemed to say:  
Why wait? why wait?  
Soon, soon 'twill be too late.  
Tra la, la, la, etc.

Away the maiden went,  
And joined each festive throng,  
On Pleasure's whirl intent,  
And lingered late and long.  
I'll wait, I'll wait,  
Sang she with joy elate.  
Tra la, la, la, etc.

Time flew, as on she strayed  
Through Fashion's giddy round,  
With many a heart she played,  
And laughed at ev'ry wound.  
Too late! too late!  
Old Time himself shall wait.  
Tra la, la, la, etc.

Then came the first grey hair,  
And looks and hearts grew cold,  
And wrinkles here and there,  
Their tale unwelcome told.  
Hard fate! too late!  
She sang disconsolate.  
Tra la, la, la, etc.

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The fields in the summer light are glowing  
And flow'rs sweetest perfumes exhale,  
The streamlet makes music in its flowing,  
And birds tell their tuneful tale.  
But the landscape bright from the cloudless skies,  
The streams and summer flow'rs,  
And songs of birds never more I prize  
As in childhood's happier hours.  
In my dreams I behold friends long departed,  
And hear the sweet village chimes,  
But more lonely I feel and more deserted  
When I call back those dear old times.

Oh! the joys of my youth all sorrows banish'd,  
Or tears, if some griefs did disclose,  
Reprov'd by a smile in haste they vanish'd,  
Like dews from the morning rose.  
All the golden hopes of the heart are gone  
When our youthful days are o'er,  
The flow'rs of love, they may still live on,  
But alas! they bloom no more.  
In my dreams I behold friends long departed,  
And hear the sweet village chimes,  
But more lonely I feel and more deserted  
When I call back those dear old times.

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